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Literary, Linguistic and Other Cultural Relations

OF

Germany and America

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MARION DEXTER LEARNED
University of Pennsylvania

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POETRY

IN

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

1741-1810

TOGETHER WITH TRANSLATIONS OF OTHER TEUTONIC
POETRY AND ORIGINAL POEMS REFERRING
TO THE GERMAN COUNTRIES

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TO MY PARENTS

IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR INTEREST AND ENCOURAGEMENT

IN THE PRESENT WORK

PREFACE.

The present study is an extension of a thesis, presented to the Faculty of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Pennsylvania in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The object has been to treat the material in the early American magazines which gave readers information about Germany and other Teutonic countries. While the primary aim has been to discuss the translations of poetry and the original poems bearing on the subject, all relevant prose articles have also been listed. Since many of the magazines used are extremely rare and almost unique, the texts from them are here reprinted in order to make such information accessible. As some of the translations and poems, however, have been traced to Thomas Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, Thomas Gray and others, whose works are to be found in almost any library, reprinting was unnecessary in these cases. M. G. Lewis' *Tales of Terror and Wonder* has had, besides many early imprints, a recent edition by Henry Morley in 1887 and the poems from it that appeared in the American magazines are here mentioned by title only, the one exception being *The Erl-King*, which is included because of several variants. Long poems like *The Wanderer of Switzerland* (which itself would make a small book) are not reprinted.

Parts II to V are arranged chronologically, so as to show the gradual growth of the German influence. Translations and poems are therefore reprinted under the date of their first appearance; later publications of them in the magazines are here recorded simply by title, with a note giving the earliest date. The texts are reprinted exactly as they appeared in the early American periodicals, thus presenting the information about Germany in the same form in which readers of a century ago received it. Mistakes are often interesting as illustrative of an ignorance about German names and words. Only the most evident typographical errors have been corrected, such as "spweep" for "sweep," "bilssful" for "blissful," and

"fustain" for "sustain." Differences due to eighteenth century orthography are retained.

The subject has been investigated to the end of the year 1840, but this volume treats only the period ending with 1810. Often for the sake of complete lists, however, poems of a later date are mentioned. Throughout Parts II to V, notes by the present author, except mention of sources from which the reprints are made, are inclosed in brackets.

The courtesy and assistance rendered in obtaining the magazines make me indebted to the attendants in the various libraries visited, particularly to Mr. Allan B. Slauson, of the Library of Congress. I wish to thank Professor Daniel B. Shumway, of the University of Pennsylvania, for helpful criticism, and Professor John L. Haney, of the Philadelphia Central High School, for valuable information about the German literary influence in England during the period under discussion and for improvements suggested in the preparation of the Introduction.

I am especially indebted to Professor Marion D. Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, at whose suggestion and under whose inspiration the present investigation has been carried on.

EDWARD Z. DAVIS.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1905.

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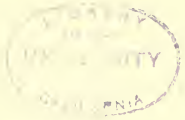

INTRODUCTION.

The important influence which German literature has exercised on American culture and literature extends from the early part of the nineteenth century. This influence was, in a measure, a continuation of the interest and activity that had existed in England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Prior to 1790, numerous translations from Gellert, Wieland, Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller appeared from time to time, but it was not until William Taylor of Norwich began to write, that the movement, which culminated in the works of Coleridge, Carlyle and others, assumed definite form.[1]

American literature at this time was still subservient to that of England and it is not surprising that the new literary impulse from Germany should have found reflection on this side of the Atlantic. This foreign influence was further aided by direct contact with Europe. By the second or third decade of the last century the studies of American scholars abroad became an important factor in our intellectual development. In 1819 Edward Everett returned from Europe to become professor of Greek at Harvard University. He had studied at the University of Göttingen, where he had become enthusiastic for the methods of German scholarship. While in Europe he secured for Harvard College a large number of German books, which soon proved to be a stimulus to the students of the institution. In 1823 W. E. Channing in his *Remarks on National Literature* advocated the study of French and German authors, so that our literature might attain a position of independence from that of England.[2] Two years later, in 1825, Karl Follen entered upon his duties at Harvard College as instructor in German.[3]

[1] John L. Haney, *German Literature in England before 1790,* in the *Americana Germanica,* IV, No. 2.

Cf. also, Dr. Haney's monograph, *The German Influence on Samuel Taylor Coleridge,* Philadelphia, 1902.

Georg Herzfeld, *William Taylor von Norwich,* Halle a. S. 1897.

[2] *The Works of William E. Channing,* Boston, 1849. Geo. D. Channing. Vol. I–277.

Cf. also, the remark of Francis Hopkinson, p. 194.

[3] As early as 1754 William Creamer (or Cramer) was appointed Professor

Before Edward Everett went abroad to study, however, American scholars had begun to seek wider cultural advantages at the centres of learning in Europe.[1] They were mostly theological students, or men more or less closely connected with the diplomatic service. The most prominent among the latter class was John Quincy Adams, who spent several years in Europe. His interest in German literature is shown by the fact that he translated Wieland's *Oberon,* which however was not published, because Sotheby's translation had just appeared in London.[2]

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of the French and German Languages, at the University of Pennsylvania, which position he held for twenty-one years. In 1780 a German Professorship of Philology was established in the same institution. J. C. Kunze, the first appointee, lectured in German on Latin and Greek. After 1784, his successor, J. H. C. Helmuth, carried out the same policy.

Cf. M. D. Learned, *Address at the Opening of the Bechstein Library,* University of Pennsylvania, March 21, 1896.

[1] Benjamin Franklin's visit to the University of Göttingen is described in the *Göttingische Anzeigen* for Sept. 13, 1766, which states that the session of the Royal Society of Sciences held on the 19th of the preceding July was more impressive than usual. "The two famous English scholars, the royal physician, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Benjamin Franklin, from Pennsylvania, who happened to be at that time in Göttingen on a trip through Germany, took their seats as members of the society."

Cf. the account by Dr. E. J. James (*The Nation,* Apr. 18, 1895, p. 296), reprinted in B. A. Hinsdale's article *Foreign Influence upon Education in the United States,* published in the *Report of the Commissioner of Education,* 1897–98. Vol. I, pp. 604–607.

Cf. also, L. Viereck, *German Instruction in American Schools,* ibid., 1900–1901. Vol. I, p. 543.

[2] Adams wrote also an account of his journey to Silesia in July, 1800. This was in the form of twenty-nine letters to his brother, written during the trip, and thirteen more added after his return to Berlin. Although they were private communications, the editor of the *Port Folio* secured them for his magazine and printed them anonymously, without suppressing personal references, as the author would have done, had he known of the publication.

"Whether these passages ever came under the observation of the persons affected is not certain. So long as they remained confined to the columns of an American publication of that day, the probabilities would favor the negative. But they were not so confined. Again, without the knowledge or consent of the author, an individual, unknown to him, but fully aware of the facts in the case nevertheless took the collection from the *Portfolio* to London, and there had them printed for his own benefit, in an octavo volume, in the year 1804. From this copy they were rendered into German, and published at Breslau the next year, with notes, by Frederick Albert Zimmerman;

A little later, in 1809, Alexander Hill Everett went to Russia as secretary to the legation and spent several years in different cities on the continent.[1] George Ticknor visited Germany in 1815 to prepare for his duties as professor of modern languages at Harvard; and George Bancroft, after graduating from college in 1817, studied for five years at Göttingen, Heidelberg and Berlin. Henry E. Dwight was at Göttingen from 1824–1828 and in the next year published in New York *Travels in the North of Germany, 1825–6.* It was about this time that James Fenimore Cooper began his European travels, which lasted from 1826 to 1833.[2] Thus, American scholars had been acquiring German thought and culture at first hand, before Longfellow or Emerson went abroad for the first time. With these two the German influence in America reached its height —Longfellow in literature, and Emerson in his transcendental philosophy.

This was the second channel by which German literature became known in this country. The first, as has already been indicated, came indirectly through England. There, considerable activity in this line had been manifest since 1790. Books of translations were published and the magazines contained many fugitive pieces from

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and in 1807 a translation made into French, by J. Dupuy, was published in Paris by Dentu.

"Thus it happened that these letters, originally intended as purely familiar correspondence, obtained a free circulation over a large part of Europe without the smallest agency on the part of the author, or any opportunity to correct and modify them as he certainly would have done had he ever possessed the power."

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, Edited by Charles Francis Adams. 12 vols., Philadelphia, 1874. Vol. I, 240–241.

The American publication began in the *Port Folio,* I–1, Jan. 3, 1801, Phila. For a review of the English edition, cf. *The Monthly Review or Literary Journal,* XLV–350, December, 1804, London.

[1] "He [A. H. Everett] had probably studied German while he was associated with John Quincy Adams in St. Petersburg, where German influence was strong and the study of the language and literature could be pursued under the most favorable conditions. The *United States Magazine and Democratic Review,* New York, Vol. X (N. S.) 1842–p. 461, states that he studied at St. Petersburg, among other things, the modern languages."

Frederick H. Wilkens, *Early Influence of German Literature in America* in the *Americana Germanica,* III, No. 2, p. 155.

[2] M. D. Learned, *German as a Culture Element in American Education,* Milwaukee, 1898.

the German. It is chiefly a reflex of this interest that we find in American periodicals to the end of 1810.

In America, likewise, German literature was made known to English readers by means of translations either in book form or in the magazines. The subject of translations in book form has been treated in the recent article by Wilkens already mentioned. He discusses German drama, fiction, poetry, philosophy, theology and pedagogy, and gives in an appendix "A List of the Translations of German Literature that were printed in the United States before 1826." These books, however, were not the first means of introducing German authors to American readers. The first mention of this foreign literature we find, as a rule, in the magazines. Here are numerous accounts of the lives of German writers, criticism of their books, notices of editions (English or American) and besides these, many translations of poetry and the shorter prose works. These articles or translations do not, of course, antedate the earliest appearance of the same works in England, but it is safe to say that whatever information on German literature was offered in the American magazines reached the American public sooner than the copies of an English book sent over here to be sold. Many readers learned to know foreign literature through the medium of the periodicals who would not think of purchasing all the books, of which they had read reviews or selections. This was especially true of the poetry. The prose works were usually too long for republication in the magazines and could be announced only through critiques or abstracts. Even here, however, some of the longer pieces appeared, such as *The Apparitionist* (Schiller's *Geisterseher*) in the *N. Y. Weekly Mag.*, I–16, etc., 1795, N. Y., and in the same magazine II–4, etc., Tschink's *Victim of Magical Delusion,* while *The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor,* I, 1810, contains *Emilia Galotti,* translated by Miss Fanny Holcroft. These prose pieces, being long, were continued from number to number, but for the poetry this was not necessary. Poems of the size of Klopstock's *Messiah* or Gessner's *Death of Abel* appeared in the magazines only in selections or extracts, while on the other hand most of the lyric poems, being short, could very easily be reprinted entire in translation. With hardly an exception, the short poems of German authors appeared in America in the periodicals some time before they were issued in book form; for example, the earliest publication of Gessner's *Idyls* mentioned

by Wilkens was in 1802,[1] whereas single idyls had been translated for the magazines in 1774, 1775, 1792, 1795, 1798, 1799, two in 1793, three in 1796 and five in 1801. Similarly, the first American imprint of M. G. Lewis' *Tales of Wonder* was issued in New York in 1801, while five selections in it had already appeared in the *Weekly Mag.*, 1798–9, Phila.[2] In addition to these there were found in the American magazines before 1811, ten translations from Bürger, eight from Gellert, five from Lessing, four from Haller, three from Goethe, two each from Jacobi, Klopstock, Matthisson and Schickaneder, and one each from "Adelio," Bürde, Kotzebue, Patzke, "Sheller," and "Van Vander Horderclogeth," together with several translations, for which the name of the original author was not given. None of these were printed in book form before 1826.[3]

The first translations of German poetry printed in America are to be sought, therefore, in the magazines and it was here also that the public received its first information about the lives of the German literati. It is the object of the present study to consider the German influence in the early American periodicals, treating especially the translations of German poetry published in them.[4] Together with these are to be found in Part III translations from the other Teutonic literatures more or less closely connected with the German, namely, translations of Dutch, Danish, Norwegian and Icelandic poetry, and also original poems on German literature, history, biography, etc.,—for example, *Ode on the late Victory obtained by the King of Prussia, Charlotte's Soliloquy—to the Manes of Werter,* and *Burlesque on the Style, in which most of the German romantic Ballads are written.* To this has been added a list of translations of

[1] *New Idyls,* by S. Gessner. Philadelphia, 1802.

[2] Bürger, *Leonora* [Wm. Taylor—some variants], Vol. I–221.
Bürger, *The Chase* [Sir Walter Scott], Vol. II–413.
——, *The Water King* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III–92.
Goethe, *The Erl-King* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III–93.
——, *The Erl-King's Daughter* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III–94.
The last three, however, were also in Lewis' *Ambrosio or the Monk,* Philadelphia, 1798.

[3] Wilkens' *List.* Two selections from Bürger and two from Goethe appeared in Lewis' collections, but no editions of their poems exclusively were issued. Klopstock's *Messiah* was published three times before 1811, but not his shorter poems.

[4] Wilkens mentions about a dozen magazines incidentally but no attempt has been made to investigate this field.

German prose, and a list of original articles on Germany, etc., so that a complete estimate of the German influence in these magazines can thus be obtained.

The scope of the present work comprises the American magazines published before 1811. By the term "American magazines" is meant all magazines published in English, whether in the United States or Canada. Periodicals in German, Spanish, French or other foreign languages have been excluded. In as much as the study is primarily concerned with literature it has been necessary, on account of the great scope of the subject, to omit publications of a non-literary type, e. g., newspapers, gazettes, periodicals dealing solely with history, religious magazines, almanacs, etc. This method of exclusion is not an easy one, for during the period under discussion the magazine and the newspaper approached each other, the former printed news and the latter gave specimens of literature, usually short poems. It happened sometimes that a translation which appeared in a magazine had been printed first in a newspaper. For example, *The Name Unknown,* "Imitated from Klopstock's ode to his future mistress. By Thomas Campbell," is to be found in the *Newport Mercury,* 1803, Newport, just three years before it was printed in *The Evening Fireside,* II–165, Phila. This illustrates the importance of the newspaper in this connection, especially since the latter contained also numerous paragraphs on things German, but it is a field for separate investigation and in this connection must take second place as compared with the literary periodicals.

Similarly the religious magazines often contain poems relative to our subject, so that it has been necessary to include some of these publications. Thus, the *Boston Observer and Religious Intelligencer,* I–152, 1835, Boston, contains the poem *Trust in God,* "Translated from the German," whereas others indicate on their title page their dual character, e. g., *The Literary and Theological Review,* 1834–39, N. Y., *The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters,* 1839, etc., Boston, and *The Monthly Mag. of Religion and Literature,* 1840, Gettysburg. Most of the religious magazines, however, belong to the period after 1810.

Lastly, even some of the almanacs come almost within the range of the present discussion, for the earlier ones have poems[1] and inter-

[1] *Universal American Almanack, or Yearly Mag.,* 1764, Phila., contains a poem entitled *Golden Verse of Pythagoras.*

esting information, and were carefully read by the general public. Most of these had their vogue before the literary magazine became prominent and therefore represent a period before the German literary influence had made itself felt. Of those that were examined, none contained material to warrant their inclusion in the list given in Part V.

Whenever periodicals were found to be of the types just mentioned, they were omitted from further consideration. There are two other kinds of publications, however, that have been included in the present investigation. The first is the English magazine reprinted in this country. Since it is impossible to exclude all translations in American magazines made by Englishmen—as will be shown later on—it has been found practical to take, as the basis of selection, all periodicals actually published on this side of the Atlantic. The only examples of this class that fall within our period are *The Mirror,* I–II, 1803, Phila.—a reprint of a magazine of the same name, that appeared in Edinburgh, 1779–1780, *The Connoisseur,* I–IV, 1803, Phila. (London, 1755) and *The Quarterly Review,* I–IV, printed in London and reprinted in New York, 1810. In some instances the material in the American edition differs from that of the English, so that it is quite necessary to include this class of periodicals.

The other type of publications, alluded to, is the miscellany. It contained poems, prose selections and articles on a wide range of subjects. It differed from the magazine simply in one respect, namely, that it was issued with less regularity. It offers, however, valuable additions to the present collection.[1] Thus, even by omitting all irrelevant publications, the field is a broad one and rich in important material.

In any investigation of the early American magazines the difficulty of locating copies is apparent. The editions of many of these periodicals were small, especially if issued from the less important literary centers; so that now, after the lapse of a hundred years, their

[1] *Curiosities of Literature,* 1793, Philadelphia.
Miscellanies, 1796, Burlington.
A Book, a periodical work, 1807, New York.
The Thistle, 1807, Boston.
Charms of Literature, 1808, Trenton.
The Hive, 1810, Hartford.

volumes are extremely hard to trace. Another fact that aided in the disappearance of these publications was their short existence. If a periodical, like the *American Museum* or the *Port Folio,* ran for a number of years, it became well known and its volumes were carefully preserved. The libraries attempted to get complete sets and thus the magazine was made accessible for future generations. A large number of these magazines, however, had a precarious existence for a year or more, and then were discontinued for lack of support. Indeed, the many failures among these literary ventures cause one to wonder why others were undertaken, and yet year after year new magazines were launched on the market with full anticipation of success. This certainly indicates a widespread demand for this class of literature and if the kind offered did not happen to suit the taste, the fickle public was constantly deserting the old for the new.

The investigator is moreover impeded in his progress by lack of definite and trustworthy information about these publications. There is no complete list of the American magazines during the years under discussion, although work has been done on the period to the end of 1800. Paul Leicester Ford published a *Check-list of American magazines printed in the eighteenth century* (1889, Brooklyn, N. Y.). This was an attempt to list all publications referred to by any writer, whether accessible or not. The present investigation, however, has brought to light thirty-five or forty volumes of magazines (including twenty new titles), evidently unknown to Ford, not to speak of several newspapers of more or less literary value; but the latter seem to have been omitted intentionally from the *Check-list.*

Even the magazines of Philadelphia, the literary center of the country during the eighteenth century, have not been listed. "A complete list of the Philadelphia magazines is impossible. Many of them have disappeared and left not a rack behind. The special student of Pennsylvania history will detect some omissions in these pages, for all that has here been done has been done at first hand, and where a magazine was inaccessible to me, I have not attempted to see it through the eyes of a more fortunate investigator."[1] What is here said of Philadelphia is equally true of Boston, New York, Baltimore and the other centers of literary activity of a century ago.

[1] Albert H. Smyth, *The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors,* 1741–1850. Philadelphia, Robert M. Lindsay, 1892. Preface, p. 5.

In spite of the difficulties just mentioned it has been possible, after an extended search, to find enough volumes of the magazines to form an almost complete list for the period in question. What omissions there may be are, for the most part, obscure and unimportant publications, which failed to attract enough attention to be included in the large collections of this class of literature. One condition favored the preservation of the American magazines; there were a few institutions, like the Philadelphia Library Company, the American Philosophical Society, and others, which were in existence during the period when most of these publications were issued. It has been possible for them to amass a fairly representative collection of contemporaneous literature. On the other hand, more recent institutions, like the Boston Public Library or the Library of Congress, have displayed such industry in collecting, that they now have splendid lists of these early periodicals.

The plan of the present investigation has been, therefore, to visit those libraries where large numbers of the books needed are located and thus, by combining the material secured in the different places, to approach as near as possible to completeness. One library fills out the gaps of another and it often happens that, in order to see the entire set of a magazine, it is necessary to visit three or four libraries. A record has been kept as to where the individual volumes are, but as useful as this information might be for those working in the same or in a kindred field it has been found too complex to be indicated in the list of magazines given in Part V.[1] The material here included is based on a personal examination of about three hundred volumes representing one hundred and twenty-eight different magazines.

In treating the German influence in the American magazines, it is important to consider the position which the magazine held during this early period. Difference in conditions enabled the periodical to play quite a different rôle from that which it now plays. In the eighteenth century, as compared with the present day, free libraries were scarce and readers had to depend largely on the books they could buy or borrow. Then, too, books were expensive, because many had to be imported from abroad, and those printed here could not be sold as cheaply as now. These conditions favored the magazines, which were inexpensive and furnished to their readers, besides

[1] A list of the libraries consulted is given at the beginning of Part V.

original matter, republications of the best literature of Europe. They kept the public abreast with the times and supplied the place now occupied by the numerous libraries and books which can be purchased at a moderate cost.

Another element which the magazine of a century ago did not have to contend with so vigorously was the newspaper. The modern newspaper is becoming larger and larger, and is making increased demand every day on the time and interest of the public. In the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth this was not the case. To be sure, there were many newspapers, gazettes and advertisers, but they were comparatively small in size, consisting usually of only four or six pages. "At the period of the American Revolution, journalism had nowhere reached [an] advanced stage of effectiveness. In America, especially, the newspapers were petty, dingy, languid, inadequate affairs; and the department of the newspaper now devoted to editorial writing, then scarcely existed at all."[1] Many editors considered the news available to be sufficient merely for a weekly instead of a daily issue. This is not surprising. With the absence of the modern telegraph, telephone, ocean cable and steam railroad the facility for getting news from a distance was greatly diminished. Then, too, as the population of the country was much smaller than now, the most important domestic news could be told in a few columns. All this tended to keep the newspapers within moderate proportions, and although they were numerous, it is safe to say that they did not make such a demand on the reader's time as to divert his attention from a more serious kind of literature. People had, therefore, plenty of leisure for careful perusal of the magazines, and these, by giving in many cases a summary of the news, decreased the necessity for the newspaper. For advertisements and business announcements the gazettes and advertisers were the main source, but for general information and current literature persons did not have to devote so much attention to the newspaper.

As far as can be learned, the magazine in this early period was regarded in a more serious light than to-day. It was not a means to while away an idle hour — something to be glanced at hastily and then thrown aside. The editors attempted, on the contrary, to give the best literature at their disposal, whether original or reprint, and

[1] M. C. Tyler, *The Literary History of the American Revolution,* I, 1763–1776, New York, 1897, p. 18.

endeavored to improve the public taste by selecting matter that would be acceptable to a scholarly audience. "A striking difference between the older magazine and the recent ones is the conspicuous absence from the journal of a century ago of what is commonly called 'light literature.'"[1]

Tyler mentions the same conditions. "Our colonial journalism soon became, in itself, a really important literary force. It could not remain forever a mere disseminator of public gossip, or a placard for the display of advertisements. The instinct of critical and brave debate was strong even among those puny editors, and it kept struggling for expression. Moreover, each editor was surrounded by a coterie of friends, with active brains and a propensity to utterance; and these constituted a sort of unpaid staff of editorial contributors, who, in various forms,—in letters, essays, anecdotes, epigrams, poems, lampoons,—helped to give vivacity and even literary value to the paper."[2]

Considering these facts, it is seen that the magazines of the period under discussion played a more important rôle in the cultural development of the people than they do now. They were not as numerous, nor were so many copies of each number issued then as now, but the population was also much smaller, and consequently a smaller number of periodicals sufficed, although relatively they may have been as numerous. One thing seems certain,—in the absence of so much other reading matter, the magazine went into the home and was perused with care by the different members of the household. We have only to refer to the attention given to the almanacs during a period slightly earlier, and these did not attempt to present as much entertaining literature as the magazines. The prominence of these literary periodicals in the development of American thought and culture is usually overlooked, but should certainly be recognized in the history of literature in America.

All this is very pertinent to the subject. The importance of the translations and poems, here reprinted, in bringing things German before the American public depends naturally upon the importance of the channel by which they were introduced. From what has just been said, it is evident that the magazine not only had a wider and freer scope then than now, but also attempted to preserve as high

[1] Smyth, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

[2] M. C. Tyler, *A History of American Literature*, II, 1676–1765, New York, 1878, pp. 304, 305.

a literary and scholarly standard as was possible for that day. What was admitted to its pages had therefore considerable weight and influence, and became known at once as far as the magazine circulated. It is for this reason that the appearance of so many poems and prose articles relating to the German countries becomes so important, and the interest here aroused was to increase many fold in the decades immediately following.

The publication of translations of German poetry in the American magazines indicates a twofold activity. In the first place it shows active interest and enthusiasm on the part of a few individuals who read and appreciated German literature and who had the ability not only to understand the foreign poetry but also to translate it for their fellow countrymen. How many there were who could read the original, it is impossible to say, but these translators were certainly only a small part of the Americans who understood German. In the second place the appearance of German poems in the magazines indicates a growing acquaintance with German literature, on the part of the public at large. From the fact that the number of translations increased from year to year we may infer that they found favor in the eyes of the readers. Even if the circulation of the individual magazines was small, the combined effect of so many must have been considerable.

It may seem at first thought that relatively few poems have been collected in proportion to the ground covered.[1] There is a limitation, however, that must not be overlooked. Only a small part of each magazine was devoted to poetry and, after the original productions and the republications of English verse (which naturally received first consideration), German could only hope for its share along with the other foreign literatures. It is remarkable how many foreign literatures are represented in the sections of these magazines devoted to poetry. There are translations from the Latin, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, Norse (Icelandic), Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Irish, Welsh, Greek, Laplandish, Persian and Turkish. In all this mass of translations, German ranks perhaps third as regards quantity; it is exceeded only by the Latin and

[1] There are in the magazines of the period, 71 translations of German poetry and 10 duplicates; 68 original poems and translations of other Teutonic poetry, and 24 duplicates.

French.[1] This is true, however, only for the period to the end of 1810. The situation in the three succeeding decades is very different, but will be discussed at a later time.

There is another reason why these magazines did not contain more translations from the German. The period under consideration coincides very closely with the classical epoch of German literature and many of the masterpieces were not issued until near the end. *Hermann und Dorothea* appeared in 1797 and *Wallenstein* three years later, while *Wilhelm Tell* was not finished until 1804 and the completed *Faust* (first and second parts) was published twenty-three years after the period closes. The dates of much of the classical German literature precluded the possibility of its being translated until two thirds of the period had passed. However valuable these works are, it is not remarkable that they should not have become known immediately on this side of the Atlantic. For the Germans here, the originals were all that were needed, and it naturally took some time for the English part of the population to realize the worth of the books and to demand translations. These causes, then, prevented the German influence in the magazines from assuming larger proportions.

The period treated in the present study is from 1741 to 1810 inclusive. The year 1741 is chosen as marking the beginning of the American periodicals of a literary type. The publications of an earlier date that were examined were devoted almost entirely to news, or were almanacs that contained no literary material, for example, the *New England Kalendar,* I, 1706, Boston, or the *New Weekly Journal,* 1728, Boston. These have been omitted from the list. It is therefore not until 1741 that our period really begins. The two magazines which were to be the pioneers of this extensive class of American literature had been announced in the previous year. The *Phila. Weekly Mercury* (Oct. 30, 1740) gives the prospectus of a magazine to be edited by John Webbe and printed by Andrew Bradford; while in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* (Nov. 13, 1740) Franklin announced *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America.* A bitter controversy soon arose, —Franklin claiming that Webbe had stolen his plans, and Webbe

[1] No list of the translations from the Latin and French in these magazines has been made, so that a numerical comparison with those from the German is at present impossible.

accusing Franklin of using his position as Postmaster to exclude the *Mercury* from the mail. Both magazines were issued in January, 1741; Webbe's journal, *The American Magazine; or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies,* ran for three months and Franklin's for six months.[1] With these, then, the investigation for the present subject begins. As has been indicated, the work has been extended to the end of the year 1840. After that, German literature was established as a well known factor in our intellectual development, as is shown by the numerous books of translations and imitations, and the magazines were, henceforth, less important in this particular. The period here treated extends only to the end of 1810. These years witnessed the beginning of the movement and the first period of considerable activity in this field. During the years immediately following 1810 there was a decline in the German literary influence in the American magazines.[2]

To estimate definitively the amount of literary activity in America with respect to things German, as illustrated by these translations and poems, would require considerable information concerning the translators. If the translator lived in England and his work was simply reprinted in an American magazine, the literary activity belongs more to England than to this country; but the fact that the poem was reprinted shows a desire to acquaint readers here with foreign poetry, the only difference being that the influence came through England and not from Germany direct. Where the works printed are from the pen of an American, they represent not only the ability of the writer to appreciate German, but also the active interest to reproduce it for the American public; the translation is then entirely an American product. As to Englishmen here doing this kind of work, it would be of advantage to know whether they were merely travelers or sojourners, or had been here long enough to be considered an integral part of our civilization. However useful this information would be, it is, in a majority of cases, unobtainable. Most of the translations appeared without any indication as to authorship. One thing that may partly account for this was the tendency of the early magazines to copy and plagiarize. Scores of

[1] John Bach McMaster, *Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters,* Boston, 1887, p. 129 seq.

[2] A similar decline in the German literary influence was noticed also in England after 1810.

poems were found which had previously been printed in other periodicals (American or English), but for the source of which no credit was given. Even the author's name was suppressed. In one instance an editor inserted a poem that had appeared in the very same magazine one or two years earlier, and yet the readers were to receive it as something new.[1] The only possible means of identification in these cases is by comparison with published collections of translations. Several translations have thus been traced to Sir Walter Scott, M. G. Lewis, William Taylor of Norwich and others. Many are reprints from English magazines, concerning which it is impossible at present to give more accurate information. The subject has not been investigated with respect to the English periodicals, and since their number is far greater than the American, it would require a separate study to prepare a list of translations from the German published in them. It is, therefore, impracticable to exclude from the present discussion translations and poems by Englishmen, for it is only where the author's name is mentioned, or a note given, stating that the translation was made for such and such a magazine, that we can be sure whether it was an American product or not. The important fact is that the translation appeared in America and helped to make known to American readers certain specimens of German literature.

In the selection of material certain limitations were necessary. In the list of prose translations and articles dealing with the German countries, everything has been mentioned which refers directly or indirectly to Germany. This is important in giving a complete estimate of the interest shown, for there was a desire to know something about German prose works, German biography and history as well as German poetry. From the list of translations reprinted here, however, have been excluded all translations of dramas except certain selections, such as songs or short scenes approaching the lyrical mood. In most of the portions of dramas reproduced the passages are too long for republication or the interest is wholly dramatic and not lyric. The subject of the present study is, then, specifically — the German lyric poetry which appeared in English in the magazines of America.

The term "poetry" is here taken in a liberal sense and includes

[1] *The Moss Rose,* From the German [of Krummacher]. *The Minerva,* I–40, May 4, 1822 and II–296, Dec. 20, 1823, N. Y.

more than the translations of German verse alone. Some translations were found whose originals, though prosaic in form, are poetic in content. This was readily recognized by the translators, who have accordingly given metrical renderings. For example, we have *Letter LXI of the Sorrows of Werter Versified;* four of Gessner's prose idyls have been rendered into verse, and in the later period Krummacher's prose fable, *The Moss Rose,* appears five times in verse (1819, 1822, 1823, 1829, 1831) and twice in prose (1827, 1833). Similarly, prose translations of German verse have been included, e. g., two fables from Gellert (1796), *Morning,* from Haller (1793), and the Swiss song, *Ranz des Vaches* (1805).[1] On the other hand, prose translations of Gessner's prose idyls are recorded by title only. Another poem of a different class must be mentioned. In the volumes examined only one German poem written in America was found. This was *Hoffnung* by "Adelio" and a note stated that it was written "For the Philadelphia Repository" (Feb. 18, 1804, Phila.). At the end were the words: "A poetical translation is requested." The following number (Feb. 25) contained a translation.

Another group of poems calling for some attention includes those translated from the French. These are of two kinds. In the first place there are poems written in French by Germans or Swiss, such as the poems of Frederick the Great, and also the *Ranz des Vaches.* As to the latter, the French verses are given in two instances together with the translation,[2] so that it is certain what the original was. In other instances no mention is made of the source. Since part of the population of Switzerland has always been German, a German form of the song very likely existed. It is difficult, therefore, to say whether this or the French version was used by the translator. The title is French but this might have been retained for the German stanzas.

The second class of translations from the French comprehends those from authors who usually wrote in German; thus, *Navigation,*

[1] The *Ranz des Vaches* has also four metrical versions:
1833—*The Lady's Book,* VI–164.
1833—*The Juvenile Rambler,* II–84.
1835—*Amer. Mo. Mag.,* V–424.
1809—*The Visitor,* I–72 (entitled *Cow Boy's Chant*).

[2] *Boston Weekly Mag.,* III–60, Feb. 2, 1805, Boston.
The Visitor, I–72, June 3, 1809, Richmond.

"From the French of Gessner" (1803), and *The Usurer,* "From the French of Gellert" (*Port Folio,* XVI–245, 1823). Either these may have been taken from French translations of the German,[1] or the word "French" may be a mistake.[2] This second group has been classed with the translations of German poetry (Part II); while the first group from the French belongs to Part III.

No attempt is here made to discuss the critical estimate that the Americans of this period placed upon German literature. This would require a consideration of all the prose articles, whereas the present study has been devoted entirely to the poetry. It is hoped that, from the list given in Part IV, such information may be obtained. Besides the several paragraphs on German literati, the individual poems are often preceded by an introductory note praising the original of the translation. Even back in the eighteenth century, people were considering the utility of the modern languages as opposed to the classics. The *American Museum,* for example, published a *Speech on the learned languages,* by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, which concludes with the remark that the "languages most in use are, in truth, the most useful to be known."[3]

On the other hand there were unsympathetic writers who ridiculed the Germans and their literature. The *Monthly Magazine* published a letter entitled *Literary Industry of the Germans,* which decried their pedantic scholarship in unprofitable directions.[4] This attack is

[1] The British Museum catalogue mentions "*Fables et Contes* [trans. principally from the German of C. F. Gellert, etc.], 1754."

[2] Cf. *The Earth's Division,* "Trans. from Goethe [sic], by L. E. L." *Waldie's Port Folio,* Part I–123, Apr. 11, 1835, Phila.

Also, *Benevolence,* "A Fable from the German of Galleret" [sic], 1802.

[3] *Amer. Mus.,* III, Jan.–June, 1788, p. 539. Cf. Part IV, p. 194; also the remark of W. E. Channing, Part I, p. 1.

[4] "A German writer, L. W. Bruggeman, has published, at Stettin, in Pomerania, a Prussian province, a work, in English, on which he has laboured twenty-five years. It contains *a view of all the English editions, translations and illustrations of the ancient Greek and Latin authors.* In the execution of this work, he has been at great expense, being obliged to purchase and import a great number of English books. This is a very curious specimen of learned perseverance and labour. That a man should spend his life in recounting the translations of ancient authors into a language foreign to his own! It is one of the most difficult, tiresome, unpopular, and unprofitable branches of the trade. Germany, however, affords innumerable instances of this kind of literary diligence. There is a press at Leipsic abundantly supplied

also expressed in the form of parodies, of which the following were found: *The Wolf King,* a satire on *The Water King, The Fire King,* etc. (1802), *The Paint King,* a burlesque on *The Cloud King, The Fire King* and others (1809, 1833), *Against Faustus* (1804), *The Squeaking Ghost,* "a tale imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine principles of the horrifick" (1808, 1809, 1810), *Parody on Bürger's Earl Walter* (1807), *Ode to the German Drama,* "Parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity" (1806), and *Burlesque on the style in which most of the German romantic ballads are written* (1799, 1801). In some of these instances the parodies may denote no real hostility but merely a rhymester's attempt to be clever.

It is worthy of note that several of the poems in these magazines may be grouped together, thus indicating particular interest in certain subjects. Each group forms, as it were, a cycle, though the individual poems were usually written by different persons. One of these groups attests the popularity of Frederick the Great, even before the American Revolution. The translations from his poetry are: *Relaxation of War* (1758, 1795, 1798), *The King of Prussia's Ode imitated in rhime* (1758), *A literal translation of the King of Prussia's Ode* (1758), *Translation of an Epistle from the King of Prussia to Monsieur Voltaire* (1759), *Ode to Death* (1786, 1806), *Prayer of Frederick II in Behalf of Poets* (1805), and *A Song* (1811). The original poems about Frederick are: *Winter,* a poem, containing a reference to "great Frederick's noble feats" (1758), *On the compleat Victory . . .* (1758), *Ode on the late Victory obtained by the King of Prussia* (1758), *On the glorious Victory . . .* (1758), *The Third Psalm paraphrased,* "Alluding to his Prussian Majesty" (1758), *On reading in the publick Papers . . .* (1758), *The Royal Comet,* referring to "Prussia's great Frederick" (1758), and *Mr. Voltaire's letter to his Prussian Majesty, Translated* (1758).

Another group treats the kings of the natural elements, so common in German literature: *The Erl King* (1798, July 1833, Sept. 1833, 1835, 1836, 1838, 1839), *The Erl King's Daughter* (1798), *The Water King,* a Danish Ballad (1798), *The Wolf King,* a parody on *The Water King, The Fire King,* etc. (1802), *Hrim Thor, or the Winter King* (1802), *Grim, King of the Ghosts* (1802) and *The*

with editions and interpretations of Chinese, Abyssinian, Coptic and Syriac productions."

Mo. Mag. and Amer. Rev., II–8, 1800, N. Y.

Paint King, a burlesque on *The Cloud King, The Fire King,* etc. (1809, 1810, 1833). This interest in the weird element explains the popularity of Bürger's *Lenore,* which appears in translation in 1798, 1801, 1804, 1823, 1836, 1839, 1840.

Switzerland is described in a variety of poems, treating all phases of the life and scenery. The most prominent among them is the Swiss song, which is variously translated as the *Ranz des Vaches,* the *Cow Boy's Chant,* and *The Song of the Swiss in a Strange Land* (1805, Oct. 15, Oct. 29, Nov. 1, Nov. 8, Dec. 17, 1808, June, June 3, 1809, twice in 1833 and once in 1835). In addition to the translations, there are four imitations of the same poem: *The Swiss Exiles' Song* (1835), *The Switzer's Return* [from America] (1836), *The Switzer's Song of Home* (1837, 1838), and *The Swiss Emigrant's Dream of Home* (1840).[1]

The last group of poems to be mentioned refers to Goethe's novel, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers.* This was evidently popular in America, though by no means causing the widespread delirium and sentimentality that had been rife in Germany. During our period the book was published here six times in translation, and an English imitation, *The Letters of Charlotte, during her Connexion with Werter,* had three American reprints.[2] These, together with translations imported from England, must have made Werter well known in this country. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in the magazines eight poems on the subject: *Narcissa,* containing a reference to Werter in the third stanza (1787), *Charlotte's Soliloquy—to the Manes of Werter* (1787), *Death of Werter* (1787), *Werter's Epitaph* (1787, 1791, 1805), *On Reading the Sorrows of Werter* (1790), *Letter LXI of the Sorrows of Werter, Versified* (1791), *Werter's Farewell to Charlotte* (1798) and *Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter* (1809).

The early American magazines, then, were instrumental in making German literature and especially German poetry known in America. It was possible for them to print translations of individual poems of an author long before there was a demand for them in book form. Gessner, Bürger, Gellert, Lessing and others have already been mentioned in this connection. It is interesting to note just what poets

[1] A translation of Schiller's *Ranz des Vaches in "William Tell"* is given in *The Constellation,* III–266, July 7, 1832, N. Y.

[2] Wilkens, *op. cit.,* p. 164 seq.

were introduced to the American public by means of the magazines. Gessner and Bürger were the most popular, the former appearing twenty-five times and the latter ten times before 1811. Gessner was perhaps the German poet best known in America. During this period his *Death of Abel* had no less than sixteen American imprints and four imitations, while translations of his *Idyls* appeared in book form twice in 1802 and once in 1807.[1] Bürger, on the other hand, was known only through these poems in the magazines, or perhaps through imported books. No volume of translations of his poems belongs to this period of American printing.

After these, Gellert, Lessing and Haller had some share of recognition both by translation and criticism. Goethe, as has been shown, was known as the author of *Werter*. As for his lyrical productions, only two appeared, *The Erl-King* (1798) and *Frederick and Alice*, "Imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *Claudine von Villa Bella*" (1807). Other poets, like Jacobi, Klopstock, Matthisson Kotzebue, Patzke or Bürde, found an occasional admirer, but not enough was done to bring their characteristics plainly before the public. In addition to these, there were numerous parodies and original poems, which helped to emphasize the importance of things German. This influence, moreover, was aided by the translations of prose works and by articles on German literature, history and biography, which are scattered through the pages of these periodicals. The American magazines accomplished considerable for German in this country. The movement here treated grew until it assumed a widespread importance a few decades later, but the period to the end of 1810 is interesting as marking the beginning. It was the first epoch of this type of literary activity in America.

[1] Wilkens, *op. cit.*, p. 108 seq. and 164 seq.

In England, likewise, the *Idyls* were constantly on the book-market and *The Death of Abel* had 20 editions before 1800. Cf. Herzfeld, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

II.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POETRY.

THE OLD MAN.

From Gesner.

From the London Magazine, Oct. 1773.

[Prose translation.]

Royal Amer. Mag., p. 14, Jan. 1774, Boston.

[Reprint from the *London Mag.*, p. 437, Sept. 1773, London. Preceding the title: "For the London Magazine."

Salomon Gessner, *Palemon.* Idyllen, Erste Folge. Concerning the prose translations from Gessner, cf. p. 16.]

For the Pennsylvania Magazine.

MIRTIL AND THIRSIS.

A Pastoral.

From the German.

[Prose translation.]

Penna. Mag., I–359, Aug. 1775, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Myrtil. Thyrsis.* Idyllen, Erste Folge.]

Description (with an elegant Engraving) of the celebrated Tomb of Madame Langhans, executed by Mr. John Augustus Nahl, late Sculptor to the King of Prussia, and which is to be seen in the choir of the parish church of Hindlebanck, two leagues from Berne.

As the inscription and verses of the Tombstone, which were written by the celebrated M. de Haller, could not with propriety be introduced in the engraving, we insert them here, in a free translation from the original German.

Hark! the majestic sound! the trumpet hear!
See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey!

Oh God! my Savior! 'tis thy voice I hear!
And with my child, I come t'eternal day,
Awake my infant; open now thine eyes,
Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth,
Arise my child, to thy Redeemer rise,
And taste at length the joy denied on earth,
Before his face death must yield to life;
Hope to real joy . . . there, purged from sins,
Serenety succeeds to grief and strife, Time flies . . .
Eternity begins.

In this blessed hope
Sure that her Saviour will fulfill his promise,
Reposes in this Tomb,
Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,
Mary Magdalen Waber,
Born 8th August, 1723;
And who departed this life on Easter-Eve 1751,
The wife of
George Langhans,
Preacher of the gospel at Hindelbanck.

Boston Mag., I–56, Dec. 1783, Boston.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

(Translated from the German.)

The thunder rolls dreadfully through the dark sky,
To the cellar I quickly retire;
Think not that I wish from the thunder to fly;
No—'tis for the best wine to enquire.

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag., IV–253, Apr. 1790, Phila.

LETTER LXI. OF THE SORROWS OF WERTER, VERSIFIED.

Though Homer fired my youthful breast,
My tender fancy deep imprest,
  Ere grief had made me smart:
Yet of him Ossian has ta'en place;
His woe-fraught strains, with solemn grace,
  Now occupy my heart.

To what a world of direful kind,
The Bard illustrious leads my mind,
  'Midst heaths and wilds to stray;
Where the fierce whirlwinds sweep the plain;
Where the moon feebly holds her reign;
  And ghosts elude the day.

To hear from off the mountains steep,
The plaintive sounds, from caverns deep,
  Of water's dismal roar:
To hear the maiden's doleful cries,
That on her warrior's tomb-stone dies,
  Who her did much adore.

I meet this bard of silver hair,
He wanders in the valley drear,
  Whilst grief his mind consumes:
His father's footsteps tries to trace
In vain, for time does them efface;
  He only finds their tombs.

The pale moon sinks, amid the waves,
He contemplates her as she laves
  Her tresses in the sea:
Reflects on time for ever gone,
When danger pleased and spurred him on,
  Till every foe did flee.

When he returned on evening grey,
The moon shone on his Bark of prey,
His trophies won, displayed:
When by his countenance, I find
Deep-rooted sorrow fill his mind,
That youth so soon decayed.

When I perceive that glory bright
To fade so soon, to sink in night,
And tottering to the grave:
And when around he casts an eye
On the cold earth, where he must die,
The fate of e'en the brave.—

The traveller will come, he cries,
He'll come who saw my beauty rise,
And anxiously enquire;
Where is the bard and warrior gone,
Where is Fingal's illustrious son,
Whither does he retire.

Then searching o'er the field and mead,
He lightly on my tomb shall tread,
But me he ne'er shall find:
Then I, my friend, like a true knight,
My sword shall draw, my prince to right,
And ease his troubled mind.

And this atchieved, with grief opprest,
Could plunge it deep in my own breast,
And eager for him bleed:
To follow him now half divine,
Hero of the Fingalian line,
Who by my hand was freed.

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag., VI–50, Jan. 1791, Phila.

[Goethe, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers.* Letter dated Oct. 12, 1772.]

AMYNTAS. [a].

A Pastoral Fragment.

[Prose translation.]

Mass. Mag., IV–351, June 1792, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Amyntas.* "Bei frühem Morgen kam der arme Amyntas. . . ." Idyllen, Erste Folge.]

Pastoral Eclogue.

THYRSIS AND CHLOE.

[Prose translation.]

Mass. Mag., V–195, Apr. 1793, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Thyrsis.*
New Idylles By Gessner. Trans. by W. Hooper, M.D., 1776, London. P. 25, *Thyrsis.*]

AMYNTAS.

A Pastoral Fragment from Gessner.

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., IV–584, Oct. 1793, N. Y.

[Also in *Mass. Mag.*, IV–351, June 1792, Boston.]

THE MORNING.

By Haller.

The moon retires—Nature's dark veil no more obscures the air and earth—the twinkling stars disappear and the reviving warmth of the sun awakens all creatures.

Already are the heavens adorned with its purple hues and its sparkling sapphires. Aurora, fair harbinger of the day, graciously dispenses smiles; and brightness of the roses which wreath her forehead dissipates the mists of night.

The flaming of the world advances from the eastern gate, triumphantly treading on the shining splendours of the milky way;

clouds covered with Heaven's rubies, oppose him with their lightning, and a flame of gold spreads itself around the horizon.

The roses open to salute the sun with genial dews; and the lilies exhale delicious odours from their sattin'd leaves.

The vigilant hind flies to the labour-giving field; he guides with careful pleasure the earth-piercing plough; in the meantime his ears are delighted by the lightsome band of minstrels, which sweeten the air and the woods with their melodious notes. Thus doth benignant Heaven lighten the heavy pressure of toilful industry! O Creator! all that I see are the effects of thy power! thou art the soul of nature and doth actuate every part! the stated periods and glittering appearance of yon orbs, and the unquenched fires of the revolving sun, proceed from thy hands, and boast thy impression!

Thou illumest the solemn moon to guide us amid darkness; thou dost lend wings to the unseen wind, and by night thou dost enrich the earth with fruitful dews.

From the dust thou hast formed yon proud-topt mountain; from sand hast thou produced metals; thou hast spread yon firmament, and thou hast clothed it with clouds, that it may remain unpolluted by the exploring eye of man.

Thou hast wonderfully formed the veins of that fish which causes rivers to overflow, and which makes whirlpools, and spreads devastation with the flappings of his tail. Thou hast built the elephant, and thou hast animated its enormous bulk, that it resembles a moving mountain. Thou supportest yon splendid arches of the heavens upon the vast void; and with thy word thou hast produced from chaos this wondrous universe, filling it with order, and giving it no other limit than its grandeur.

Great God! created spirits are too insignificant to raise the glory of thy works! We lose ourselves in their immensity. To tell them one must resemble thyself on infinity. Humbly contented, I remain in my own prescribed circle. Incomprehensible Being! thy resplendent glories blind the presuming eye of man! and He from whom the earth receives its being, needs not the praises of a worm!

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., IV–720, Dec. 1793, N. Y.

[Albrecht von Haller, *Morgen-Gedanken,* Den. 25, Merz, 1725.]

MORNING.

From Haller.

Phila. Minerva, I, May 30, 1795, Phila.

[Also in *N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos.,* IV–720, Dec. 1793, N. Y.]

TRANSLATED POETRY.

For the New-York Magazine.

THE ZEPHYRS, AN IDYL. [a].

(Translated from the German of Gesner, by W. Dunlap.)

[Prose translation.]

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., VI–760, Dec. 1795, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Die Zephyre.*]

TRANSLATED POETRY.

For the New-York Magazine.

FIRST IDYL OF GESNER.

(Translated from the German by Wm. Dunlap.)

DAPHNE—CHLOE.

[Prose translation.]

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., n. s., p. 49, Jan. 1796, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Daphne. Chloe.* "Sieh, schon steigt der Mond hinter dem schwarzen Berg. . . ." First idyl—Zweite Folge, 1772.]

THE OLD MAN.

Translated from the German of Gessner.

Phila. Minerva, I, Jan. 16, 1796, Phila.

[Also in *The Royal Amer. Mag.,* p. 14, Jan. 1774, Boston.]

FABLE

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

While a nightingale chanted in the midst of a forest, the neighbouring hills and vallies were delighted with her exquisite melody.

Every wild bird forgot to sing, listening with fond admiration. Aurora tarried behind the hill, attending to her musical cadences; and Philomel, in honor of the goddess, warbled with unusual sweetness. At that she paused, and the lark took the opportunity of thus addressing her; 'Your music meets with just approbation; the variety, the clearness, and tenderness of the notes are inimitable; nevertheless, in one circumstance I am entitled to a preference. My melody is uninterrupted; and every morning is ushered with my gratulations. Your song on the contrary, is heard but seldom; and, except during a few weeks in the Summer, you have no claim to peculiar attention.' 'You have mentioned,' replied the Nightingale, 'the very cause of my superior excellence. I attend to, and obey, the dictates of Nature. I never sing but by her incitements; nor even yield to importunate, but uninspired inclination.'

Phila. Minerva, II, Apr. 23, 1796, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Nachtigall und die Lerche.*
Free translation of the first stanza; the second, containing the application of the fable, omitted.]

A FABLE

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

Clarine loved her husband with sincere affection—for he was a husband to her mind. Their desires and aversions were the same. It was Clarine's study to be agreeable, and by unwearied attention, to anticipate her husband's wishes. "Such a wife," says my male reader, who has thoughts of matrimony, "such a wife would I desire." —And such a wife mayst thou obtain.—Clarine's husband fell sick—a dangerous illness.—"No hope" said the physician, and shook his awful whig. Bitterly wept Clarine. "O death!" she cried, "O death! might I prefer a petition? Spare my husband; let me be the victim in his stead." Death heard, appeared, and "What," said the grim spectre, "is thy request?" "There," said Clarine sore dismayed, "There he lies; overcome with agony he implores thy speedy relief."

The Nightingale, I–199, June 16, 1796, Boston.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die zärtliche Frau.* The introductory stanza not translated.]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Bürger.

Phila. Minerva, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain.*
W. Taylor of Norwich, *The Lass of Fair Wone* in the *Monthly Magazine,* I–223, Apr. 1796, London. Also in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry,* 3 vols., 1830, London. II–32, under the title *The Parson's Daughter.*]

VIRTUE REWARDED:

A Pastoral Tale.

(From the German of Gesner).

[Prose translation.]

Phila. Minerva, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Daphne.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles by Gessner,* p. 33, *Glicera.*]

Miscellaneous.

By Ferdinand Wallhime.

THE WISH

(in imitation of Matthison).

Once more could I wish, ere yet my blest spirit
Sunk in Elysium, peaceful mansion of shades!
That spot t' revisit, where Infancy
In dreams aerial, play'd 'round my brows.

The shrub of my country, whose branches o'erspread
The cool nest of the patridge, waves gentler my friend,
Than all the gay forests of laurel
O'er the dust of the world's mighty conq'rors.

The streamlet of that mead, where in childhood
I cull'd early violets, more musically murmurs
'Midst the alders once rear'd by my sire,
Than the silver Blandusian fountain.

The hill, on which swains, in bands youthful and gay
Danc'd 'round the trunk of the sweet blossom'd poplar,
With greater rapture inspir'd my heart,
Than Alps dazzling heights in roset glimm'ring.

Therefore could I wish, ere yet my blest spirit
Sunk in Elysium, peaceful mansion of shades
That spot t' revisit, where infancy
In dreams aerial, play'd 'round my brows.

Then may death's smirking genius, of a sudden,
Extinguish life's taper, well pleas'd I'll hasten
To Xenophon and Plato's musing shade
And to Anacreon's myrtle tufted bow'r.

Lit. Museum, or Mo. Mag., p. 47, Jan. 1797, West-Chester.

[F. Matthisson, *Wunsch an Salis.* "Noch einmal möcht' ich, eh in die Schattenwelt. . . ."]

BENEVOLENCE.

A Fable.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

O'er Howard's tomb soft Pity weeps,
Bewailing still her favourite's fate;
And thence the Muse invokes her aid
Of kindred merit to relate.

Like him to sympathize with woe,
Like him to heal the broken mind;
And rear Affliction's drooping head,
Belinda's generous soul inclin'd.

But want of fortune oft, too oft,
Her charitable views withstood;
For what, alas! avails the will,
Without the power of doing good?

Her uncle dies and leaves his niece
A clear two thousand pounds per ann.
"Ah! now," she cries, "I'm blest indeed,
"I'll help the poor where'er I can."

Scarce had she spoke, when, at her door
An old decrepid wretch appears;
Bent on his crutch he begs an alms,
And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distress,
She heav'd a sigh and shook her head;
Then to this aged son of woe
Stretch'd forth a—crust of mouldy bread.

Amer. Universal Mag., I–28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Gutthat.*]

PRO PATRIA MORI

From the German of Bürger.

For virtue, freedom, human rights, to fall,
Beseems the brave: it is a Saviour's death.
Of heroes only the most pure of all,
Thus with their heart's blood tinge the battle-heath.

And this proud death is seemliest in the man
Who for a kindred race, a country bleeds:
Three hundred Spartans from the shining van
Of those, whom fame in this high triumph leads.

Great is the death for a good prince incurr'd;
Who wields the sceptre with benignant hand:
Well may for him the noble bare his sword,
Falling he earns the blessings of a land.

Death for a friend, parent, child, or her we love,
If not so great, is beauteous to behold:
This the fine tumults of the hearts approve;
It is the walk to death unbought of gold.

But for mere majesty to meet a wound—
Who holds that great or glorious, he mistakes:
That is the fury of the pamper'd hound,
Which envy, anger, or the whip, awakes.

And for a tyrant's sake to seek a jaunt
To hell——'s a death which only hell enjoys;
Where such a hero falls—the gibbet plant,
A murderer's trophy, and a plunderer's prize.

Amer. Universal Mag., I–141, Jan. 23, 1797, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Die Tode.*]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Bürger.

Amer. Universal Mag., I–211, Feb. 6, 1797, Phila.

[Also in *Phila. Minerva*, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.]

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

From the German of Gesner.

[Prose translation.]

The Key, I–69, Mar. 10, 1798, Frederick Town.

[S. Gessner, *Der zerbrochene Krug.*]

LEONORA. [a].

A Ballad from Bürger.

The following translation (made some years since) of a celebrated piece, of which other versions have appeared, and are now on the point of appearing, possesses so much peculiar charm and intrinsic merit, that we are happy in being permitted to present it to our readers.

[The translation follows.]

Weekly Mag., I–221, Mar. 17, 1798, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Lenore.*
Wm. Taylor of Norwich, *Lenora.*
Mo. Mag. and British Register, I–135, Mar. 1769, London.
M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, London.
The translation appeared anonymously in the above mentioned, but was afterwards printed with several changes under the title *Ellenore* in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, II–40.
Also in *Tales of Terror and Wonder*, collected by M. G. Lewis. With an introduction by Henry Morley, 1887, London. Cf. Preface.]

TO A LITTLE CHARMER.

From the German of Lessing.

Come kiss me, little Charmer,
Nor suppose a kiss can harm you;
Kisses given, kisses taken,
Cannot now your fears awaken;
Give me then a hundred kisses
Number well those sweetest blisses,
And, on my life, I tell you true,
Tenfold I'll repay what's due,
When to snatch a kiss is bolder
And my fair one's ten years older.

Weekly Mag., II–30, May 5, 1798, Phila.

[G. E. Lessing, *An eine kleine Schöne.*]

For the Weekly Magazine.

THE SWALLOW. A FABLE.

(From the German of Lessing.)

Believe me, my friend, the great world is not suited to philosophers or poets. We are insensible to their real worth; and they, alas! are often weak enough to exchange it for a mere nothing.

In early ages the swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the nightingale; but she soon became weary of residing in solitary groves to excite the admiration of none but the industrious peasant and the innocent shepherdess. She left her humble friends, and removed into town. What was the consequence? As the inhabitants of the city had not leisure to attend to her divine song, she gradually forgot it, and in its stead learned to—build.

Weekly Mag., II–82, May 12, 1798, Phila.

[G. E. Lessing, *Die Schwalbe.*]

THE CHASE.

By Gottfried Augustus Bürger.

Weekly Mag., II–413, July 28, 1798, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Der wilde Jäger.*
Sir Walter Scott, *The Wild Huntsman.* Published with *William and Helen* in 1796 and entitled *The Chase.*
M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder.* Entitled *The Wild Huntsmen.* By Walter Scott.
Cf. note to *Leonora,* in the *Weekly Mag.,* I–221, Mar. 17, 1798.]

THE ERL-KING.

(The Original is by Goëthe, Author of Werter.)

Who is it that rides through the forest so fast,
While night frowns around him, while chill roars the blast?
The father, who holds his young son in his arm,
And close in his mantle has wrapped him up warm.

—" Why trembles my darling? Why shrinks he with fear?"
" Oh father! my father! the Erl-king is near!
The Erl-king, with his crown and his beard long and white!"
—" Oh! thine eyes are deceived by the vapours of night."

—" If you will, dear baby, with me go away,
I will give you fine clothes; we will play a fine play;
Fine flowers are growing, white, scarlet and blue,
On the banks of yon river, and all are for you."

—" Oh father! my father! and dost thou not hear
What words the Erl-king whispers low in mine ear?"—
—" Now hush thee, my darling, thy terrors appease:
Thou hear'st 'midst the branches when murmurs the breeze."

—" If you will, dear baby, with me go away,
My daughter shall tend you so fair and so gay;
My daughter, in purple and gold who is drest,
Shall nurse you, and kiss you, and sing you to rest."

—"Oh father! my father! and dost thou not see?
The Erl-king and his daughter are waiting for me?"
—"Now shame thee, my dearest! 'tis fear makes thee blind:
Thou seest the dark willows which wave in the wind."—

—"I love you! I dote on that face so divine!
I must and will have you, and force makes you mine!"
—"My father! my father! Oh hold me now fast!
He pulls me! he hurts, and will have me at last!"—

The father, he trembled; he doubled his speed:
O'er hills and through forests he spurred his black steed:
But when he arrived at his own castle-door,
Life throbbed in the sweet baby's bosom no more.

Weekly Mag., III–93, Aug. 18, 1798, Phila.

[Goethe, *Erlkönig.*
M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder,* 1801, London.
The above text, however, is taken from Lewis' *Ambrosio, or the Monk* (1795), which has several variants. The first Amer. reprint of *The Monk* was taken from the fourth British edition, 1798, Phila. Cf. Preface.]

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(The Original is Danish; but I read it in a German Translation.)

Weekly Mag., III–94, Aug. 18, 1798, Phila.

[J. G. Herder, *Erlkönigs Tochter* in the Fourth Book (*Nordische Lieder*) of *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern.* Trans. from the Danish.
M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder* and *The Monk.*
Cf. note to *The Erl-King.*
The original is in the *Kiampe Viiser.*]

AMYNTAS, A PASTORAL TALE. [β].

(From the German of the celebrated Gessner.)

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Mag., III, 347, 358, Mar. 23, 30, 1799, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Mycon.* In the French version, entitled *Amyntas.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles,* p. 18.]

FRIENDSHIP

Translated from the German.

Set to music by Russ.

Sure not to life's short span confin'd,
Shall sacred friendship glow;
Beyond the grave the ardent mind,
Its best delights shall know.

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
Where heav'n the flame approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves.

There friendship's matchless love shall shine,
(To hearts like ours so dear!)
There angels own its pow'r divine;
Its native home is there!

For here below, tho' friendship's charm
Its soft delights display;
Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
Still pant for brighter day!

Phila. Repos., I, Appendix (Nov. 15, 1800–Nov. 7, 1801), Phila.

[The above appeared in the Musical Appendix.]

Original Poetry.

LYCAS; OR THE INVENTIONS OF GARDENS.

Attempted from the Idyls of Gessner.

The stormy winter drives us from the green,
Nor leaves a flower to decorate the scene;
The winds arise—with sweep impetuous blow,
And whirl around the flakes of fleecy snow;
Yet shall imagination fondly rise
And gather fair ideas as she flies:

The images that blooming spring pourtrays,
The sweets that bask in summer's sultry rays,
The rich and varied fruits of autumn's reign
Shall ope their treasures, in a bounteous train;
Of these the best, with choicest care display'd,
Shall form a wreath, for thee, my lovely maid!
So the fond shepherd, for his darling fair,
Culls beauteous flowers to deck her flowing hair.
The garden's rise shall grace my humble strains;
If Daphne smiles 'twill well repay my pains!
'Twas, in the morn of youth, a shepherd found
This happy art to decorate the ground;
This is the spot, the enamour'd Lycas cries,
Lycas the young, the gentle and the wise;
Under this elm, fair Adelaide first gave
The kiss of love to her devoted slave!
Whilst he, in am'rous accents told his flame,
With beating heart and agitated frame!
Here faint and weak my charmer sank to rest,
On the warm pillow of my panting breast!
"Lycas," with interrupting sobs, she said,
"Take the soft secret of an am'rous maid:
Of all the swains that strive this heart to move,
'Tis Lycas only Adelaide can love!
Ye peaceful groves—ye solitary springs—
To you I oft confess'd my secret stings!
And ye, sweet flowers bear witness to the truth
Of the soft flame that prey'd upon my youth;
Oft have your leaves that round me clust'ring grew,
Drank my warm tears as drops of morning dew."
My heart is full—what transport is my own!
For, in my bosom, love has fixed his throne.
Sacred to love this spot shall ever stand
Deck'd with luxuriant beauties by my hands.
Under this elm, the shadiest of the trees,
The rose shall pour its odours on the breeze;
Around its trunk the woodbine too shall rear

Its white and purple flowers aloft in air.
The treasures of the spring shall hither flow;
The piony by the lily here shall blow.
Over the hills, and through the meads I'll roam,
And bring the blooming spoils in rapture home:
The purple violet, the pink shall join,
The od'rous shrubs shall all their sweets combine,
Of these a grove of balmy sort shall rise,
And, with its fragrant blossoms, scent the skies!
Then round this little favour'd isle, I'll bring,
With gentle windings, yonder silver spring;
While eglantine and thorn shall interpose
Their hedge, a rampart 'gainst invading foes—
Lest sheep and rambling goats the place annoy,
And spoil the promise of our future joy.
Oh then approach, ye favour'd of the loves!
Come and dwell here ye gentle turtle doves!
On yonder spreading branches, perch'd on high,
With coos repeated greet the lover's sigh!
Then sportive sparrows round the roses play,
And sing, delighted, from the bending spray!
Ye butterflies, arrayed in coats of gold,
On beds of roses fluttering revels hold!
Here rest, upon the lily's waving stalk,
And add new beauty to the evening walk.
Then shall the shepherd passing, free from care,
When zephyr spreads the perfumes thro' the air,
Inhale the fragrance, and with transport cry,
What hallow'd place is this? what goddess nigh?
Does Venus own this gay, enchanted place?
Or has Diana, wearied in the chace,
Chosen a spot where choicest sweets abound,
To slumber on the consecrated ground?

P. D.

Port Folio, I–54, Feb. 14, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Lycas, oder die Erfindung der Gärten.*]

For the Port Folio.

MYRTILLO.

An idyl, attempted from the German of Gessner.

At peaceful eve, Myrtillo sought the lake,
Whilst the moon's beams upon its bosom played;
The silent tract, illumin'd by its rays,
The nightingale's enchanting tender note,
Had held him bound in rapture's soothing trance.
At length, arous'd, he homeward took his steps,
And in the verdant bower, where clust'ring vines
Before his lonely dwelling formed a porch
Of simple structure, deeply slumbering found
His venerable parent—his grey head
Supported by his arm, while through the leaves
The moon-beams pour'd their lustre on his face.
With arms enfolded, and with swelling heart,
He stood before his father—long he stood,
His pious eyes fix'd fondly on the sage,
Then rais'd them, swimming with his filial tears,
And thro' the illumin'd leaves look'd up to heaven,
Whilst grateful drops roll'd down his moisten'd cheek.
Oh thou! at length he cried, whom, next the gods,
I reverence, my father—ah, how soft
Thy peaceful slumbers! Of the just and good
How placid is the sleep! Thy tottering steps
Were, doubtless, hither bent, in silent prayer
To spend the hour of eve; but, at thy task
Of duty, slumber seiz'd thee, whilst, for me,
Thy prayer of love was wing'd into the skies,
How happy is my lot! the fav'ring gods
Must hear thy fond petition; else, why stands
Our cot secure, amid the branches, bent
With ripening fruit? why, else, such blessings shower'd
Upon our healthy, fast increasing herd?
Upon the golden produce of our fields?
When oft the tear of joy bedew'd thy cheek,
To see me, anxious, cherish and support
Thy feeble age; when, towards the vault of heaven,

You turn'd your swimming eyes, and blest your son;
Ah! then, what words his blessings could express!
My bosom swell'd with transport, and the tears
O'erflow'd my glowing cheeks—
When yester morn, reclining on my arm,
You left our cot to feel the quickening beams
Of the warm sun, and saw about thee sport
The frolic herd, the trees, with fruit o'ercharg'd,
And all the fertile country blooming round,
" My hairs grow grey in peace," were then thy words;
" Fields of my youth, be ever, ever blest!
" My eyes, grow dim, shall not much longer view
" Your heart-delighting scenes, for happier plains
" Must I exchange you—plains beyond the skies."
Ah, father, best belov'd, must I so soon
Lose thee! my nearest friend!—distressing thought!
Close to thy tomb, with filial love, I'll raise
A modest altar, and with ardour seek
Each blest occasion to relieve the woes
Of the oppressed and wretched; on each day,
That gives the happy chance of doing good,
I'll pour sweet milk upon a parent's grave,
And strew with flowers the ever sacred spot—
He paus'd but kept his eyes, suffus'd with tears,
Fix'd on the good old man; then, sighing; said,
How still he lies, and smiles amidst his slumbers!
Some of his virtuous deeds must hover o'er,
In peaceful dreams, and fill his cheerful soul;
Whilst the moon pours her rays upon his bare
And shining temples, and his silver beard;
Oh may the breeze, and dewy damps of eve—
Do thee no harm. Then gently did he kiss
His aged forehead, gently wak'd him up,
And led him to his cot, in lighter sleep,
On softest furs, to slumber out the night.

—P. D.

Port Folio, I–70, Feb. 28, 1801, Phila.

For the Port Folio.

MYRTIL AND DAPHNE

An Idyl.

Attempted from Gessner.

MYRTIL.

Whither so early sister, ere the sun,
Has, from behind yon hill, his course begun?
Scarce has the swallow to the morning ray,
Ventur'd to modulate his twittering lay.
The early cock, whom richest plumes adorn
Has yet but faintly hail'd the golden morn;
Whilst thou, to some unknown attraction true,
With hasty footsteps brush the silv'ry dew!
What festival to-day, do you prepare,
For fill'd with flowers, your basket scents the air.

DAPHNE.

Welcome dear brother, whither points thy way,
Amidst the chilly damps of early day?
On what fair purpose from yon new form'd bower,
Hast thou come forth at twilight's silent hour?
For me—I've pluck'd the violet and the rose,
And sought each flower that round our cottage grows.
Whilst o'er our parents gentle slumbers spread
Their wings, I'll strew them on their peaceful bed;
Then when the sunbeams gild the glowing skies
Midst fragrant scents, they'll ope their aged eyes;
Their hearts shall then with pious joy rebound,
To find the blooming flowers, clust'ring round.

MYRTIL.

My best belov'd, not life itself can prove,
Pleasing to me without a sister's love.
For me, dear girl, when yester eve we met,
Just as the sun had made a golden set,
Our parent, resting on our fav'rite hill,

Whilst we with fond attention watch'd his will;
" How sweet (he cried) on yonder spot to rear,
A shady bower to rest in, free from care!"
I heard his wish as though I heard it not,
Yet kept my thoughts fix'd firmly on the spot,
And ere her early beams Aurora sent,
My hasty steps toward the hill I bent,
And rear'd the bower and to its verdant side,
The waving, hazle branches, closely tied;
See, sister, see, the work at length is done;
Betray me not till I've his blessing won,
Till he himself shall thither bend his way;
Ah, then, with joy we'll celebrate the day.

DAPHNE.

How grateful, brother, will be his surprize,
When first the distant bower shall greet his eyes!
But let me haste and gently o'er their bed,
My morning offering of fragrance spread.

MYRTIL.

When they shall wake amid the fragrant pile,
They'll greet each other with a tender smile;
And say, this is our Daphne's work, sweet child;
Thus has our love the morning hours beguil'd.
For our delight, how tender 'tis to keep
A studious care whilst we were lock'd in sleep.

DAPHNE.

Yes, brother, when at his accustomed hour,
Opening his casement he shall view thy bower,
" Sure (he'll exclaim) I do not see aright,
Or on yon hill an arbor greets my sight;
Yes, that is Myrtil's work,—for this bereft
Of his sweet sleep, his nightly couch he left:
Such are the plans, his filial thoughts engage,
And thus he soothes our fast declining age."
And when with joy we'll greet the morning ray,

With joy we'll celebrate the happy day,
Each work to-day commenc'd shall prosper well,
And peace and joy in every grove shall dwell.

P. D.

Port Folio, I–80, Mar. 7, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Mirtil und Daphne.*]

TRANSLATION FROM THE IDYLS OF GESSNER.

Delia! when in your lover's eyes,
At your approach soft lustre rise,
When with charm'd ear, from thy sweet tongue,
He listens to the thrilling song,
O'er saddest scenes delights you fling,
And winter wears the smile of spring.

When o'er the mead with you I stray,
More fragrant is the new-mown hay,
When gath'ring flow'rets at your side,
The buds more vivid swell with pride,
And bend, your snowy hand to meet,
Or am'rous twine beneath your feet.

But when within your arms you press me,
When with a long, long kiss you bless me,
Ah! then in vain, the fairest flow'rs
Exert their balmy-breathing pow'rs;
In vain her sweets does Nature bring,
In vain she wears the smile of spring.

Then Delia! nought on earth but thee,
My ravish'd senses feel or see,
With Love's wild frenzy then possessed,
My trembling heart beats 'gainst thy breast,
Then fondly sink, o'erpower'd with bliss,
Only alive to Delia's kiss.

Q. V.

Port Folio, I–87, Mar. 14, 1801, Phila.

LEONORA. [β].

A Tale, from the German.

"Ah, William! art thou false or dead?"
Cried Leonora from her bed.
"I dreamt thou'dst ne'er return."
William had fought in Frederick's host
At Prague—and what his fate—if lost
Or false, she could not learn.

Hungaria's queen and Prussia's king,
Wearied, at length with bickering,
Resolv'd to end the strife;
And homewards, then, their separate routs
The armies took, with songs and shouts,
With cymbals, drum and fife.

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,
From every door, the old and young
Rush'd forth the troops to greet.
"Thank God," each child and parent cry'd,
And "welcome, welcome," many a bride,
As friends long parted meet.

They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd:
No kiss she gave, no kiss receiv'd;
Of William none could tell;
She rung her hands, and tore her hair;
Till left alone in deep despair,
Bereft of sense, she fell.

Swift to her aid her mother came,
"Ah! say," cried she, "in mercy's name,
"What means this frantic grief?"
"Mother 'tis past—all hopes are fled,
"God hath no mercy, William's dead,
"My woe is past relief."

"Pardon, O pardon, Lord above!
"My child, with pray'rs invoke his love,

" The Almighty never errs?"
" O, mother! mother! idle prate,
" Can he be anxious for my fate,
" Who never heard my prayers?"

" Be patient child, in God believe,
" The good he can, and will relieve,
" To trust his power endeavour."
" O, mother! mother! all is vain,
" What trust can bring to life again?
" The past, is past for ever."

" Who knows, but that he yet survives;
" Perchance, far off from hence he lives,
" And thinks no more of you.
" Forget, forget, the faithless youth,
" Away with grief, your sorrow soothe,
" Since William proves untrue."

" Mother, all hope has fled my mind,
" The past, is past, our God's unkind;
" Why did he give me breath?
" Oh that this hated loathsome light
" Would fade for ever from my sight,
" Come, death, come, welcome death!"

" Indulgent Father, spare my child,
" Her agony hath made her wild,
" She knows not what she does.
" Daughter, forget thy earthly love,
" Look up to him who reigns above,
" Where joys succeed to woes."

" Mother what now are joys to me?
" With William, Hell a Heaven could be,
" Without him, Heaven a Hell.
" Fade, fade away, thou hated light,
" Death bear me hence to endless night,
" With love all hope farewell."

Thus rashly, Leonora strove
To doubt the truth of heavenly love.
  She wept, and beat her breast;
She pray'd for death, until the moon
With all the stars with silence shone,
  And sooth'd the world to rest.

When, hark! without, what sudden sound!
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,
  Some horseman must be near!
He stops, he rings, Hark! as the noise
Dies soft away, a well-known voice
  Thus greets her list'ning ear.

"Wake, Leonora;—dost thou sleep,
"Or thoughtless laugh, or constant weep,
  "Is William welcome home?"
"Dear William, you!—return'd, and well!
"I've wak'd and wept—but why, ah! tell,
  "So late—at night you come?"

"At midnight only dare we roam,
"For thee from Prague, though late, I come."
  "For me!—stay here and rest;
"The wild winds whistle o'er the waste,
"Ah, dear William! why such haste?
  "First warm thee in my breast."

"Let the winds whistle o'er the waste,
"My duty bids me be in haste;
  "Quick, mount upon my steed:
"Let the winds whistle far and wide,
"Ere morn, two hundred leagues we'll ride,
  "To reach our marriage bed."

"What, William! for a bridal room,
"Travel to night so far from home?"
  "Leonora, 'tis decreed.
"Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,
"The dead ride swiftly; never fear,
  "We'll reach our marriage bed."

" Ah, William! whither would'st thou speed,
" What! where! this distant marriage bed?"
" Leonora, no delay.
" 'Tis far from hence; still—cold—and small:
" Six planks, no more, compose it all;
" Our guests await, away!"

She lightly on the courser sprung,
And her white arms round William flung,
Like to a lily wreath.
In swiftest gallop off they go,
The stones and sparks around them throw,
And pant the way for breath.

The objects fly on every side,
The bridges thunder as they ride;
" Art thou my love afraid?
" Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,
" The dead doth Leonora fear?"
" Ah, no! why name the dead?"

Hark! as their rapid course they urge,
A passing bell, a solemn dirge;
Hoarse ravens join the strain.
They see a coffin on a bier,
A priest and mourners too appear,
Slow moving o'er the plain.

And sad was heard the funeral lay;
" What the Lord gives, he takes away;
" Life's but a fleeting shade.
" A tale that's told,—a flower that falls;
" Death, when the least expected, calls,
" And bears us to his bed."

" Forbear;"—imperious William cry'd
" I carry home, a beauteous bride,
" Come, to our marriage feast;
" Mourners, away, we want your song;
" And as we swiftly haste along,
" Give us your blessing, priest.

" Sing on, that life is like a shade;
" A tale that's told, or flowers which fade:
  " Such strains will yield delight.
" And, when we to our chamber go,
" Bury your dead, with wail and woe;
  " The service suits the night."

While William speaks, they silent stand,
Then run obedient to command,
  But, on with furious bound,
The foaming courser forward flew,
Fire and stones his heels pursue,
  Like whirlwinds dash'd around.

On right and left, on left and right,
Trees, hills, and towns flew past their sight,
  As on they breathless prest;
" With the bright moon, like death we speed,
" Doth Leonora fear the dead?"
  " Ah! leave the dead at rest."

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,
  Join'd hand in hand, a crowd
Of imps and spectres hover nigh,
Or round a wasted wretch they fly,
  When William calls aloud:

" Hither, ye airy rabble, come,
" And follow till I reach my home;
  " We want a marriage dance."
As when the leaves on wither'd trees,
Are rustled by an edying breeze,
  The muttering sprites advance.

But, soon with hurried steps, the crew
Rush'd prattling on, for William flew,
  Clasp'd by the frighted fair:
Swifter than shafts, or than the wind,
While struck from earth fire flash'd behind,
  Like lightnings through the air.

Not only flew the landscape by,
The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.
" Thus over hills and heath
" We ride like death; say, lovely maid,
" By moon-light dost thou fear the dead?"
" Ah! speak no more of death."

" The cock hath crow'd—Away! away!
" The sand ebbs out: I scent the day.
" On! on! away from here!
" Soon must our destin'd course be run,
"The dead ride swift,—hurrah! 'tis done,
" The marriage bed is near."

High grated iron doors, in vain
Barr'd their way.—With lossened rein
Whil'st William urg'd the steed,
He struck the bolts;—they open flew,
A churchyard drear appear'd in view;
Their path was o'er the dead.

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon
With feebler ray, o'er objects shone,
Where tombstones faint appear,
A grave new dug arrests the pair,
Cry'd William, and embrac'd the fair,
" Our marriage bed is here."

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,
His flesh like touchwood from him fell,
His eyes forsook his head.
A skull, and naked bones alone,
Supply the place of William gone,
'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,
As wrapp'd in smoke he disappear'd,
Poor Leonora fell;
The hideous spectres hover round,
Deep groans she hears from under ground,
And fiends ascend from hell.

They dance, and say, in dreadful howl,
" She asks no mercy for her soul;
" Her earthly course is done.
" When mortals, rash and impious! dare
" Contend with God, and court despair,
" We claim them as our own."

" Yet," thus was heard, in milder strains,
" Call on the Lord, while life remains,
" Unite your heart to his;
" When man repents and is resign'd,
" God loves to soothe his suff'ring mind,
" And grant him future bliss."

" We claim as ours, who impious dare
" Contend with God, and court despair;"
Again the spectres cry'd.
" Fate threats in vain, when man's resign'd,
" God loves to soothe the suff'ring mind,"
The gentler voice reply'd.

Leonora, e'er her sense was gone,
Thus faint exclaim'd,—" thy Will be done,
" Lord, let thy anger cease."
Soft on the wind was borne the pray'r;
The spectres vanish'd into air,
And all was hush'd in peace.

Now redd'ning tints the skies adorn,
And streaks of gold, proclaim the morn;
The night is chas'd away.
The sun ascends, new warmth he gives,
New hope, new joy; all nature lives,
And hails the glorious day.

No more are dreadful fantoms near;
Love and his smiling train, appear;
They cull each sweetest flow'r,
To scatter o'er the path of youth,
To deck the bridal bed, when Truth
And Beauty own their pow'r.

Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blast
Which threatens Bliss!—could passion last!
Ye dear enchanters tell;
What purer joy could Heaven bestow,
Than when with shar'd affection's glow
Our panting bosoms swell?

Sweet spirits wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand;
Lo! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns;
With hope, his breast impatient burns;
Hope is not always vain.

"Wake, Leonora!—wake to Love!
For thee, his choicest wreath he wove;"
Death vainly aim'd his Dart.
The Past was all a dream; she woke—
He lives;—'twas William's self who spoke,
And clasp'd her to his Heart.

Balto. Weekly Mag., I–280, Apr. 29, 1801, Balto.

[G. A. Bürger, *Lenore.* The last eight stanzas are an invention of the translator.]

For the Portfolio.

Mr. Old School,

If you permit a truant to peep into your literary seminary, he will venture to present you with the inclosed hastily written lines, as a peace offering; but shall not be irritated beyond measure, should you choose to convert it into a *burnt offering*, as a just punishment for time mispent.

At any rate, the sentence you shall pass, shall not be appealed from.

Your sincere well-wisher,
The Author.

DAMON AND DAPHNE, AN IDYLL,

(Matrimonial,)

Attempted from Gessner.

DAMON.

The gloomy tempest, Daphne, has blown o'er,
The thunder's awful voice is heard no more;

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Tremble not then, my girl, the lightning's blaze
Through the dark cloud, no longer darts its rays.
Let us this arbour leave, the blue sky greet,
For, see, the sheep that sought this safe retreat,
Now from their fleeces shake the drops of rain,
And spread them o'er the bright'ning mead again,
Let us then leave this fav'rite shelt'ring bower,
To taste the beauties of this balmy hour;
To view the sunbeams gild the moisten'd ground,
And throw their rich and radiant glory round.
As from the grotto, hand in hand they past,
The gentle Daphne on her partner cast
Her swimming eyes, pressing his honest hand.

DAPHNE.

How lovely looks the gay, the smiling land,
She said; while through the scattering cloud appears
The blue sky, dissipating all our fears.
The clouds, as through the air they quickly pass,
Hurry their shadows o'er the glist'ning grass.
See, Damon, now, o'er yonder hill they throw
Their shade o'er herds and cottages, and lo!
They're flown, and while o'er flowery meads they run,
The hill's again illumin'd by the sun.

DAMON.

The rainbow view, from hill to hill expand,
Its radiant arches o'er the laughing land;
'Midst the grey cloud, a happy omen shows;
With peace and safety every colour glows:
The quiet valley smiles beneath its beams,
And owns its beauties in her gliding streams.
Daphne with gentle arm embrac'd her swain;
And cried;

DAPHNE.

See balmy zephyrs breathe again;
More cheerful with the flowers they sport and play,
Dress'd by the drops of rain and light of day.
The butterflies, in richest coats array'd,

And fluttering insects joy to leave the shade,
Their velvet wings in quick vibrations shake,
While on the surface of the neighbouring lake,
Of shrubs and willows, wash'd from every stain,
The trembling branches glitter once again;
Again the peasant in its bosom sees
The heaven's blue concave and the spreading trees.

DAMON.

Daphne, embrace me with thy circling arms,
What sacred joy my swelling bosom warms,
Where'er we turn what glories meet our eyes,
What unexhausted springs of rapture rise.
From the least plant to the bright star of day,
That kindles nature with its quickening ray,
All, all, our admiration ought to raise,
And tune our voices to the notes of praise!
How my heart swells, when from yon mountain's brow,
I view the spreading country stretch'd below.
Or, when amid the grass, in rural ease,
Laying my limbs beneath the branching trees,
I contemplate the various flowers and plants,
And their minutely fine inhabitants.
Or when amid the solemn hours of night,
I view the stars adorn the heavens with light;
The grateful changes of the seasons trace,
The progress of the vegetable race.
When all these wonders thro' my senses roll,
They fill with purest awe my swelling soul;
Thoughts urge on thoughts in quick successive birth,
Weeping, I kneel to him who made the earth;
To him, my admiration I confess,
Father of light, of life, of every bliss:
Nought then my soul with equal joy can move,
Save the delight to know my Daphne's love.

DAPHNE.

Damon, around me also wonders rise,
And fill my bosom with a sweet surprize.

Oh let us then, lock'd in a soft embrace,
When Morn approaching lifts her ruddy face,
When gentle Eve her milder beauties shows,
Or moonlight through the air its radiance throws,
Thus let our thoughts upon such objects rest,
Whilst to each others beating bosoms prest,
In broken accents we our wonder own,
And turn our minds tow'rds heaven's eternal throne.
How inexpressible is the delight,
When transports such as these, with tend'rest love unite.

P. D.

Port Folio, I–171, May 30, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Damon. Daphne.*]

For the Port Folio.

THE FLY, A FABLE.

From the German of Gellert.

That insects think, as well as speak,
Needs, at this day, small eloquence to show;
Esop, whom even children prize in Greek,
Affirm'd as much, some thousand years ago.
Fontaine, in French, asserted just the same;
Who then shall dare deny the reptile claim
To faculties, the world esteems so low,
As scarce to notice, if you think or no?

Within a temple, where the builder's art,
Grandeur and elegance at once had join'd;
While due proportion, reign'd in every part,
And simple grace, with solid strength combin'd.
In such a temple's wall, sat perch'd on high,
A solemn, thoughtful, philosophic fly.
For flies, an air so grave, of wisdom take,
And on one leg, the head will often hold,
And into wrinkles, oft the forehead fold,
Only because they deep reflection's make;
And to the bottom dive to know,
The source of all things here below.

Thus then, involv'd in contemplation deep,
With half a dozen wrinkles on his brow,
This fly began, around himself to peep,
And question whence the building rose, and how?
No *maker* of this work can I perceive,
Quoth he—and that there is one, scarce believe;
For who should such a maker be?
"Art," said a spider sage. "Art built the work you see,
For, wheresoever turns your eye,
Fix'd laws, and order you descry;
And hence, a fair conclusion grows,
That from the hand of Art, the building rose."
At this the fly, in his conceptions proud,
Laugh'd out aloud,
And with a sneer of scorn, replied—
"Most learned sir, I oft have tried,
At this same Art to get a sight,
But never on him yet could light;
And now, the more I think, the more I find,
Your Art is but a fiction of the mind.
Now learn from me how this same temple grew:
Once on a time, it so by chance befel
That pebbles numberless together flew,
And settling, form'd this hollow shell,
Where you, and I, friend spider, dwell;
Say, what can be more evidently true?"
A fly, for such a system, we forgive;
But if great geniuses should live,
Who deem this world's well-order'd frame,
Sprung from blind accident alone,
And chance, as author of their lives proclaim,
Rather than bow to God's eternal throne,
The sole excuse a creed, like this admits,
Is, that its votaries have lost their wits.

L.

Port Folio, I–192, June 13, 1801, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Fliege.*]

For the Port Folio.

THE SUICIDE.

From the German of Gellert.

Oh, youth, from what I now relate,
While gentle tears bedew your eyes,
Lament the lover's hapless fate,
And learn, what woes from love arise.

A youth of exemplary worth,
The comfort of his aged sire,
Whose virtues, early bursting forth,
The fairest hopes might well inspire.

By beauty's potent charms subdued,
For Chloe felt a tender pain;
Her equal love with ardour sued,
But found his fond entreaties vain.

While at her feet he pleads his flame,
The cruel Chloe bids him fly;
Yes! cried he, yes! insulting dame,
You never more shall hear me sigh.

Then, on his sword, his hand he lays,
While wild despair his gestures breathe;
Draws it—the deadly point surveys,
And thrusts it—*back into its sheath.*

U.

Port Folio, I–192, June 13, 1801, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Der Selbstmord.*]

FROM THE GERMAN.

While yon enlivening orb of day
To William yields its light,
He to no other lass will stray
Nor faithful Anna slight.

Thus Will to Nance, with ardour, said;
And kept his word, I ween,
Nor, till the sun had gone to bed,
Met Sophy on the green.

Port Folio, I–280, Aug. 29, 1801, Phila.

For the Port Folio.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

THE DANCING BEAR

A Fable.

A bear, who long had danced for bread,
One morning from his keeper fled;
Back to his native woods retreated,
And, by his brother brutes, was kindly greeted:
Their joy to see him made the forest roar,
They lick'd his chaps, they stroak'd him with the paw;
And when each bear his neighbour saw,
Their news was, So!—Our Bruin's here once more.
Straightway the travell'd youth went on
All his adventures to relate,
And whatsoever he had seen, or done,
Or heard, in foreign parts to state.
And when it came the turn to tell
His dancing deeds, to capering he fell,
As though his former master's chain
Were fasten'd round his neck again.

Bears of the woods are seldom trained to dance;
Yet, seeing Bruin throw his limbs about,
The fancy seiz'd them all, themselves to prance,
And strive, with clumsy aim, his motions to make out.

Scarce one of all the brood but quickly trip'd,
And stumbling, staggering, fell his whole length down;
The more they fail'd, the brisker Bruin skip'd,
To show their skill at fault and prove his own.
But now, their fury kindles at his play;

Away! Begone, you tumbling fool! they bawl;
Must you, forsooth, be wiser than us all?
And straight, with one accord, they hooted him away.

Your neighbour's hatred would you shun?
His talents to surpass beware!
And still the higher your attainments run,
Conceal them still with greater care.
For though, at first, the voice of fame
Shall sound your praises to the sky:
Anon shall Envy blast your name,
And turn your fairest arts to crimes of deepest dye.

L.

27 November 1801.

Port Folio, I–400, Dec. 12, 1801, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Der Tanzbär.*]

BENEVOLENCE. A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Galleret.

Balance and Columbian Repos., I–132, Apr. 27, 1802, Hudson (N. Y.).

[Gellert, *Die Gutthat.* Also in *Amer. Universal Mag.,* I–28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.]

AMINTA.

An Idyl,—By Gessner.

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Visitor or Ladies' Misc., I–20, Oct. 23, 1802, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Daphne.*
Mary Collyer, *Gessner's Idyls,* 1802, Liverpool. II–121, *Aminta.*]

INVITATION TO JOY.

From the German.

Say, who could mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene,
And scorn the profer'd gay delight,
With thankless heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows,
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;
And still the lonely ev'ning bow'r
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale;
Creation's scene expanded lies:—
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

Weekly Visitor or Ladies' Misc., I–64, Nov. 27, 1802, N. Y.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

By SAMUEL SAUNTER, Esq.

No. XLIII.

Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te proxima myrtus,
Sic positae, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

—*Virgil.*

To SAMUEL SAUNTER, *Esq.*

Sir,

As I perceive your plan, like that of Coleman and Thornton, in the "Connoisseur," and like that of your relation, *Solomon* Saunter, in "Literary Leisure," admits Poetry as well as Prose, which one may feed upon alternately, as we eat bread and cheese, I send you a translation, from the German of Lessing, and some fugitive originals.

I am, yours
HARLEY.

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What should I call her in my lay,
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

Ah, replied my gentle fair,
Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line,
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me—*thine.*

Port Folio, III–25, Jan. 1803, Phila.

[Lessing, *Die Namen.*]

THE NAVIGATION

Translated from the French of Gessner.

It flies! the vessel flies, that bears away
To distant shores my Daphne, fair as May.
Guard her, ye loves! be lull'd each ruder gale;
Let Zephyrs only fill the swelling sail;
Ye waves flow gently by the vessel's side,
While pensive she surveys you idly glide;
Ah! softly glide, prolong her reverie,
For then, ye Gods! 'tis then she thinks of me.
When near the nodding groves that shade the shore,
To her, ye birds, your sweetest warbling pour;
No sounds be heard, but such as gently sooth,
And be, O sea, thy azure surface smooth.
Ne'er since thy daughters sought their liquid caves,
A lovelier charge, was trusted to thy waves.
Her clear, her bright unsullied beauty shews
The lilly's white, and freshness of the rose.
Not Venus had more charms, more beauteous bloom,
When, rising from the sea's resplendent foam,
She smiling mounted first her silver car,
And shone effulgent as the morning star.
The enchanted Tritons left their noisy sport,
And nymphs cerulian in their crystal court;
Regardless of their frowns, or jealous smiles,
While beauty's queen each eager eye beguiles.
They gaze, and held in most delightful trance,
Pursue her moving o'er the smooth expanse.

H *** T.

Boston Weekly Mag., I–72, Feb. 19, 1803, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *La Navigation.*
French translation of *Die Schiffahrt.*]

Mr. HOGAN;

The subjoined Pieces under the signature of Oscar, are the production of a gentleman residing in a distant part of the state. They were written solely with a view to amuse his leisure hours. If you think them worthy of publication, you are at liberty to insert them in the Repository.

—A SUBSCRIBER.

MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

From the German of Patzke.

"Labt den Herrn! Die morgensonne."

O praise the Lord! the morning sun,
From sleep awakes the cheerful swain;
And all creation's joys again,
To us, in streams renewed, run.

O praise the Lord! ye sweetest flow'rs,
To him your earliest fragrance yield;
Ye birds exert your tuneful pow'rs;
Praise him in meadow and in field.

O praise the Lord!—Ev'n from his den
The desert's savage roars his praise;
And, oh! my soul! how much more then,
Should'st thou thy voice in Paeans raise?

—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III–152, May 7, 1803, Phila.

ODE TO SPRING

From the German.

"Freude wirbelt in den Lüften."

Joy comes laughing with the breeze;
Gladness spreads itself around;
Songsters warble in the trees;
Nature gaily decks the ground.

Heav'n unfolds its richest vesture,
Sparkling stars—etherial blue;

Fairies dance with antic gesture;
Or sip, delighted, morning dew.

Gentle, smiling, Zephyrs, wander,
Thro' the groves of verdant green;
Toying with the lilac yonder—
Here, with the rose of blooming mien.

Humming bees, on wafer pinions,
Careful, thro' the blossoms roam:
Searching all their flow'r dominions,
The nectar tribute gather home.

In th'embroider'd violet vale,
Love, attended by the Graces,
Tells his soft bewitching tale,
While blushing fair ones hide their faces.

How beautiful is the creation,
In this time of mirth and joy?
All is life—all animation:
Nought our pleasures to annoy.
—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III–152, May 7, 1803, Phila.

[For introductory note, cf. the preceding.]

UNIVERSAL SONG OF PRAISE.

A Sapphic Ode.

From the German of Bürde.

"Alles was odem hat, lobe den Herrn!"

All ye that live and breathe, O praise the Lord!
With holy streams of joy, and exultation,
Our souls are penetrated.

O taste and see, how great, how good He is!
His love and mercy, his truth and grace alone,
Leads us to joys eternal.

O ye enwraptur'd souls that serve the Lord
Cherubim! Seraphim! Angels and Spirits!
Love is your felicity.

Thirst on, our souls—thirst for the living streams;
Bless'd and holy! and for ever love Him!
Who us, in love, created.

Yes, we'll love and adore Him! yes, the dust
Loves its Redeemer; and all our anxious tears
Himself shall wipe away.

—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III–152, May 7, 1803, Phila.

[For introductory note, cf. *Morning Song of Praise,* preceding.]

THE SHOE PINCHES.

A Song of Shoe-maker, William.

From Kotzebue.

Though idlers riot, eat and drink,
And on soft downy pillows sink,
They are not free from woe:
For every man must have his share
Of trouble, and must know best where
The shoe does pinch his toe.

When rainy, wise men boots will wear,
But shoes put on when all is fair,
And take times as they go;
No man that ever wore a shoe
Will say if he be fair and true,
It never pinch'd his toe.

Balance and Columbian Repos., II–288, Sept. 6, 1803, Hudson, (N. Y.).

BENEVOLENCE.—A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

Port Folio, III–352, Oct. 29, 1803, Phila.

[Also in *Amer. Universal Mag.,* I–28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.]

THE NOSEGAY.

[Prose translation.]

Phila. Repos., IV–4, Jan. 7, 1804, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Der Blumenstrauss.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles,* p. 37.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

HOFFNUNG.

Wie des morgens helle licht
Die dunkeln 'nachts durchbricht,
Und die ganze welt erfrout
Mit des tages herlichkeit

So wann grosse traurigkeit—
Laest den menschen keine freud,
Wann verzweiflung angst und schmertze
Fuelt das arme, banges hertze.

Geht die sonne *Hoffnungs* auf,
Und im traur'gem brust sein lauf
Beginnt; dann flichtet traurigkeit,
Und die brust ist voller freud.

Von verzweiflung, angst und schmertze
Ist befreyt das bange hertze,
O! es bringt die *Hoffnungs* sonne,
Seeligkeit, und grosse wonne.

—Adelio.

∴ A poetical translation is requested.
Phila. Repos., IV–56, Feb. 18, 1804, Phila.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TRANSLATION

Of Adelio's German Lines in last Repository.

HOPE.

As does the morn's resplendent light
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
And the whole universe delight,
With the day's illustrious sight—

So when the adverse fates decree
Nothing to man but misery,
When they despair and pain impart
To the keen agonized heart—

Then does his course, *Hope's* sun from rest
Take thro' the troubled heaving breast;
Then disappears adversity,
And leaves behind felicity.

Exempt from horror is the breast,
Despair and pain sink into rest;
The sun of *Hope* affords delight,
And happiness supremely bright.

Translator.

Phila. Repos., IV–64, Feb. 25, 1804, Phila.

PASSAGE FROM KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

So at the midnight hour draws nigh to the slumbering city
Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad spread wings lurks under the rampart
Death, bale-breathing. As yet unalarmed are the peaceable dwellers;
Close to his nightly-lamp the sage yet watches; and high friends
Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,
Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.

But too soon shall frightful Death, in a day of affliction
Pouncing over them, over them spread; in a day of moaning and anguish. . . .
When with wringing of hands the bride for the bridegroom loud wails;
When, now of all her children bereft, the desperate mother
Furious curses the day on which she bore, and was born . . . when
Weary with hollower eye, amid the carcases totter
Even the buriers . . . till the sent Death-angel, descending,
Thoughtful on thunder-clouds, beholds all lonesome and silent,
Gazes the wide desolation, and long broods over the graves, fixt.

"Perhaps some other writer will throw this fine picture into blank verse so well, as to convince the public, that the beauties of Klopstock can be naturalized without strangeness, and his peculiarities retained without affectation; that quaintness, the unavoidable companion of neologism, is as needless to genius, as hostile to grace; the hexameter, until it is familiar, must repel, and, when it is familiar, may annoy; that it wants a musical orderliness of sound; and that its cantering capricious movement opposes the grave march of solemn majesty, and better suits the ordinary scenery of Theocritus than the empyreal visions of Klopstock."

From "Criticism on Klopstock's Messiah."

Lit. Mag. and Amer. Reg., I–468, Mar. 1804, Phila.

[F. G. Klopstock, *Messias.*]

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

From the German of Matthison.

Whene'er day-light's parting gleam
A smiling form salutes my love,
And loiters near the murm'ring stream,
And glides beneath the conscious grove:
Ah! then my Henry's spirit see:
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

And when at moon-light's sober ray
Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,
As thro' the pines the breezes play,

And whisper dying melody—
When tender bodings prompt the sigh—
Thy Henry's spirit hovers nigh.

When o'er the mind soft musings steal,
As thou the pleasing past hast scann'd;
Should'st thou a gentle pressure feel,
Like zephyr's kiss o'er lip and hand;—
And should the glimmering taper fade—
Then near thee 'bides thy lover's shade.

And when at midnights' solemn tide,
As soft the rolling planets shine—
Like Aeol's harp, thy couch beside,
Thou hear'st the words—'forever thine!'
Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
And peace and joy it brings my fair.

Phila. Repos., IV–160, May 19, 1804, Phila.

[Friedrich Matthisson, *Lied aus der Ferne.*]

BÜRGER'S LEONORA. [γ].

[In an article on Bürger's *Lenore*, three eight-lined stanzas of Spencer's translation, and two six-lined stanzas of Stanley's translation are given.

W. R. Spencer, *Leonora.* Trans. from the German of G. A. Bürgher. London, 1796.

J. T. Stanley, *Leonora.* Trans. freely from the German; 2nd ed., London, 1796.]

Port Folio, IV–167, May 26, 1804, Phila.

A SONNET

Translated from Jacobi.

Tell me where's the vi'let fled
Late so gaily blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,

Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swains the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more.

Say where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid the summer's fled
And the hopeless Rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing;
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing—
Sun and wind exhaust its store:
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chanting—
Hail and storm with fury show'rs,
Leafless mourn with rifled bow'rs!

Say where hides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning?
Swain how short is beauty's bloom,
Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain
Who of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the Poet's eyes.

Companion and Weekly Misc., I–104, Jan. 26, 1805, Balto.

[J. G. Jacobi, *Vergänglichkeit.*
W. Taylor of Norwich, *op. cit.* II–106, *Elegy.* (Variants in stanza V).]

The following is a German drinking song, popular in the Rhingau, and probably the inspiration of the *old Hock,* which it celebrates.

Bekranzt mit laub den liebe vollen becher,
Und trinkt ihn frölich leer;
In ganz Europa, ihr herren recher,
Ist solch ein wein nicht mehr.

Ihn bringt das vatterland aus seiner fülle,
Wie war er sonst so gut?
Wie war er sonst so edel stille,
Und doch voll kraft und muth?

Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsre reben;
Gesegnet sey der Rhein!
Da wachsen sie am ufer hin, und geben
Uns diesen lieben wein.

So trinkt hin dann, and last uns alle wege
Uns freun und frölich seyn;
Und, wisten wir wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den wein.

TRANSLATION.

The brimful goblet crown with wines,
And drink the cordial juice,
Europe itself can't boast such vines
As these bless'd hills produce.

Yes, Germany's the copious source
Of wines that all excel;
So mild, so generous, full of force,
None cheer the heart so well.

Rhingau alone such grapes can boast,
Huzza! here's to the Rhine!
And may the wretch, who slights the toast,
Forget the taste of wine.

Come, drink about, and let's be gay,
With nectar so divine,

Is any man to grief a prey?
We'll comfort him with wine.

Port Folio, V–110, Apr. 13, 1805, Phila.

EPIGRAMS.

From the German of G. E. Lessing.

Adam awhile in Paradise
Enjoy'd his novel life:
He was caught napping; in a thrice
His rib was made a wife.

Poor father Adam, what a guest!
This most unlucky dose
Made the first minute of thy rest
The last of thy repose.

But one bad woman at a time
On earth arises.
That every one should think he has her,
I own—surprises.

A long way off—Lucinda strikes the men.
As she draws near,
And one see clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

Phila. Repos., V–128, Apr. 20, 1805, Phila.

In Dr. Cogan's amusing and *Shandean* Travels on the Rhine, he has preserved a *German* Ode to Evening. They, who are curious to behold the *Teutonic* Muse, in the character of a pensive minstrel, may here be gratified.

Komm, stillet abend, neider,
Auf unsre kleine flur;
Dir tönen unsre lieder,
Wie schön bist du, natur!

Schon steigt die abendröthe
Herab ins kühle thal;
Bald glantz in sanfter röthe
Der sonne letzter strahl.

All uberal herrscht schweigen
Nur schwingt der vogel chor
Hoch aus den dunkeln zweigen
Den nacht gesang empor.

Komm, lieber abend, neider
Auf unsre kleine flur;
Dir tönen unsre lieder,
Wie schön bist du natur.

TRANSLATION.

Come, silent Eve, return again,
Our homely cottage view,
And hear us sing a cheerful strain,
To thee, and nature due.

The sun retires yon hills behind,
And sinks into the sea,
Glancing his rays both mild and kind,
Oh, blushing maid, on thee.

To thee he yields the soothing sway,
Inviting all to rest;
The birds conclude the happy day
With singing on thy breast.

Come, silent Eve, return again,
Our homely cottage view,
And hear us sing a cheerful strain,
To thee and nature due.

Port Folio, V–149, May 18, 1805, Phila.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

Ah! why am I so transient, ask'd of Jupiter, Beauty?
Only the transient is fair, smiling answer'd the God!
Love, and Youth, and the Spring, and the Flow'rs, and the Dew, they all heard it;
Slowly they turn'd away, weeping from Jupiter's throne!

Port Folio, I-40, Jan. 25, 1806, Phila.

THE WOODEN LEG. [*a*].

An Helvetick Tale.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

[Prose translation.]

Polyanthos, I-192, Feb., 1806, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Das hölzerne Bein.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles,* p. 78.]

It is but seldom that the Muses of the North sing more sweetly than in the following strain:

SONG—FROM THE GERMAN.

Scarce sixteen summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bow'rs;
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedew'd with shrubs and flow'rs.

When late a stranger youth appear'd;
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spake what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd that view them,

And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
Where wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing,
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His look soft sorrows speaking;
Sweet maid! he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his grief explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now,
And now 'twas unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downward bending.

Nor aught I spoke, my looks he read,
As if with anger burning;
No—not one word—away he sped,
Ah! would he were returning.

Port Folio, I–189, Mar. 29, 1806, Phila.

PASTORAL POETRY.

From Gessner's "New Idyls."

THE ZEPHYRS. [β].

[Prose translation.]
Weekly Visitant, I–158, May 17, 1806, Salem.

[S. Gessner, *Die Zephyre.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles,* p. 16.]

From Gessner's "New Idylles."

THE CARNATION.

[Prose translation.]
Weekly Visitant, I–159, May 17, 1806, Salem.

[S. Gessner, *Die Nelke.*
W. Hooper, *New Idylles,* p. 7.]

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

Imitated from Klopstock's ode to his future mistress. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of Pleasures of Hope.
Evening Fire-Side or Lit. Misc., II–165, May 24, 1806, Phila.

[F. G. Klopstock, *Die künftige Geliebte.*
The above imitation appeared first in a newspaper, *Newport Mercury,* No. 2160, Aug. 30, 1803, Newport.]

THE FOWLER—A SONG.

Altered from a German air, in the opera of "Die Zauberlôte."

A CARELESS whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly;
There's not a *Fowler* more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can spread the net?
Or tune the merry flageolet?

Then why—O why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?
The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bulfinch, wren, and wood-lark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In *Cupid's* filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine—among the rest,
I'd choose the Lass I lik'd the best;
And should my charming mate be kind;
And smile, and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make *Hymen's* cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife!

Mo. Anthology and Boston Rev., III–591, Nov. 1806, Boston.

[E. Schickaneder, *Die Zauberflöte.* Oper in zwei Aufzügen von Mozart. Dichtung nach Ludwig Giesecke von E. Schickaneder.

James Montgomery, *The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems,* London, 1806. First Amer. ed. from second London ed., N. Y., 1807. P. 93.]

THE CHASE.

In the third number* of the Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Bürger. We understand from the criticks in the German Language that the original is eminently beautiful. Its merit was once so highly appreciated in England that a host of translators started at once in the race for public favor. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Sir Walter Scott, Esqr., well deserves a place in this journal.

[The translation by Scott follows.]

Port Folio, III–100, Feb. 14, 1807, Phila.

[Also in *Weekly Mag.,* II–413, July 28, 1798, Phila.

* *Parody on Bürger's Earl Walter* in *Port Folio,* III–44, Jan. 17, 1807. Cf. p. 165.]

The following charming

SONG

is translated from the German by Mr. Herbert.

" Hail, orient sun, auspicious light!
Hail, new-born orb of day!
Lo, from behind the wood-crown'd height,
Breaks forth thy glittering ray.
Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dew drop shine!
O, may sweet joy's enlivening beam
Mix his pure rays with thine!
The Zephyrs now, with frolic wing,
Their rosy beds forsake;
And, shedding round the sweets of spring,
Their drowsy comrades wake.
Soft sleep and all his airy forms
Fly from the dawning day:
Like little loves O may their swarms
On Chloe's bosom play!
Ye Zephyrs haste; from every flower
The sweetest perfumes take;
And bear them hence to Chloe's bower;
For soon the maid must wake!
And, hovering round her fragrant bed,
In breezes call my fair;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her golden hair!
Then gently whisper in her ear,
That ere the sun gan rise,
By the soft murmuring fountain here
I breath'd her name in sighs."

Observer, I–352, May 30, 1807, Balto.

Selected Poetry.

THE POEM OF HALLER VERSIFIED.

By Henry James Pye, Esq., P.L.

Ah! woods forever dear! whose branches spread
Their verdant arch o'er Hasel's breezy head,
When shall I once again, supinely laid,
Hear Philomela charm your list'ning shade?
When shall I stretch my careless limbs again,
Where, gently rising from the velvet plain,
O'er the green hills, in easy curve that bend,
The mossy carpet Nature's hands extend?
Where all is silent! save the gales that move
The leafy umbrage of the whisp'ring grove;
Or the soft murmurs of the rivulet's wave,
Whose chearing streams the lonely meadows lave.

O Heav'n! when shall once more these eyes be cast
On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd;
Where, oft responsive to the falling rill,
Sylvia and love my artless lays would fill?
While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, soft breathing, stole
A pleasing sadness o'er my pensive soul:
Care, and her ghastly train, were far away;
While calm, beneath the sheltering woods I lay
Mid shades, impervious to the beams of day.

Here—sad reverse!—from scenes of pleasure far,
I wage with sorrow unremitting war:
Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet, know.
Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,
From parents far, an outcast of the earth!
In youth's warm hours, from each restriction free,
Left to myself in dangerous liberty.

Ah! scenes of earthly joy! ah, much-lov'd shades!
Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah! should kind Heav'n permit me to explore
Your seats of still tranquillity once more!

E'en now to Fancy's visionary eye,
Hope shews the flattering hour of transport nigh,
Blue shines the aether, when the storm is past;
And calm repose succeeds to sorrow's blast.
Flourished, ye scenes of every new delight!
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd sight!
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

Now pale disease shoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.
Now droops fond hope, by Disappointment cross'd;
Chill'd by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost.
O'er the weak mound stern Ocean's billows ride,
And waft destruction in with every tide;
While Mars, descending from his crimson car,
Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Consolation lend;
All human evils hasten to their end.
The storm abates at every gust it blows;
Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.
He who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,
Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.
Time who Affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happiness may bring;
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

Observer, II–95, Aug. 8, 1807, Balto.
[Albrecht von Haller, *Sehnsucht nach dem Vaterlande.*]

Walter Scott, Esq., whose honoured name is now perfectly familiar to every lover of poetical description, has lately published a ballad which we are solicitous to preserve in this paper. The gayety of the beginning, contrasted with the solemnity of the conclusion of this terrifick ballad cannot fail to strike all who relish The Castle of Otranto, or The Romance of the Forest.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvement, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

[The poem follows.]

Port Folio, IV–134, Aug. 29, 1807, Phila.

[Goethe, *Claudine von Villa Bella,* Act II. Song by "Rugantino" (Karlos von Castellvecchio).
M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder.*]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Buerger.

Charms of Lit., p. 103, 1808, Trenton.

[Also in *Phila. Minerva,* II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.]

THE WOODEN LEG. [β].

A Swiss Idyll.

By Gessner.

[Prose translation.]

Charms of Lit., p. 401, 1808, Trenton.

[S. Gessner, *Das hölzerne Bein.*]

FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.

Hail, Morning, to thy rising beam
That gilds with light the mountain's brow,
And shines and glitters in the stream
That winds along the vale below!

Joy, and health, and glad delight
Await thy steps, thy march pursue;
The Zephyr now that slept the night
In flowers that weep beneath the dew,

His plumes with new-born vigour tries,
And lifts him from his balmy bed;
And dreams that round the wearied eyes
Of mortals hover'd, now are fled.

Haste, ye Gales, and thro' the air
Waft the sweets from every flower,
And wave your wings around my Fair,
What slumbers in yon rosy bower;

Paint o'er her lips and cheek's bright hues,
And heave upon her heaving breast,
And when yo've chas'd Sleep's balmy dews,
And gently burst the bonds of rest,

Oh whisper to her list'ning ear,
That e'er bright Morn had deck'd the sky,
These streams beheld me shed the tear,
And heard me pour for her the sigh!

Lady's Weekly Misc., VII–112, June 11, 1808, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Morgenlied.*]

MORNING SONG.

(Morgenlied) from the German of Gesner.

Welcome, early orb of morn!
Welcome, infant day!
O'er the wood-top'd mountain borne,
Mark its coming ray!

Now o'er babbling brooks it beams;
Sips from each flower its *dew;*
Now with glorious gladdening gleams
Wakes the world anew.
Zephyrs first, o'er flowers that slumber'd,
Quit their couch, and play;
Breathe o'er flowers in sighs unnumber'd,
Breathe the scent of day.
Fancy now her reign gives o'er,
Every vision flies;
Chloe's cheek is wan no more,
Cupids round it rise.
Hasten, Zephyr, waft from roses
All their loveliest bloom!
Haste where Chloe now reposes,
Wake her from her tomb!
To the fairest's couch repair,
Wanton round her pillow;
O'er her lip and bosom fair
Bathe thy blandest billow!
She wakes the whispers to the gale,
Wakes from her morning dream;
Whilst so the stream, and thro' the vale,
I er'st have breathed her name.

Emerald, n. s., I–562, Sept. 10, 1808, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Morgenlied.*]

TRANSLATION OF SHELLER'S "FORGET ME NOT."

(From the German.)

Belov'd of my bosom, alas my fond heart
Does weep for the fate of my heart-rending lot;
To range the wide world, now from me you depart,
Yet remember me ever, " forget me not."

If moving in circles of beauty and love,
Perchance to adore some sweet maid, be your lot,
O! then may my spirit thy wav'rings reprove,
And whisper thee gently, "forget me not."

If hap'ly hard fate should you e'er from me sever,
How drearily mournful would be my sad lot,
In sorrow's dark path I would wander forever,
Nor smile more with joy, then "forget me not."

If in the fresh bloom of my life's early blossom,
To leave you my dear, and this world, be my lot,
Thine be the last sigh that escapes from my bosom,
Then think how I love you; "O! forget me not."

Yet tho' we now part, in the bless'd realms above,
We will meet soon again, free from life's woeful lot;
We will meet to dear joy, we will meet to sweet love,
Then no more need I say "O! forget me not."

Z.

Gleaner, I–325, Mar. 1809, Lancaster (Penn.).

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

Whoever has perused the prophetick metrical compositions of Van Vander Horderclogeth must surely remember the poem on the 3697 fol. of which the following is a translation; it commences thus—

Vrom Grouter gruder grout gropstock, Zordur zoop, &c.

All gloomy and sorrowful Beelzebub sat,
With his imps and his devils around,
When the thundering knocker of Hell's outer grate
Rang a peal so terrifick and loud on the gate,
That all Erebus echoed the sound.

Full swift to the portal the young devils flew,
And the long gloomy passage unbarr'd;
When a lanthorn-jaw'd monster stood forth to their view,
So meagre his figure, so pale was his hue,
That the devils all trembled and star'd.

All green were his eyes in their sockets decay'd,
His nose was projecting and wide,
In a dusty frock-coat was his carcase array'd,
On his scull he a three-corner'd scraper display'd,
And two volumes* he bore at his side.

So foul were his breath and the words that he said,
That his teeth had long rotted away—
And now to the devils a signal he made,
To show him their master, the devils obey'd,
And brought him where Beelzebub lay.

Old Beelzebub rose, as the monster came in,
And stood for a moment in dread,
For they look'd like each other enough to be kin,
Save that one had whole feet and a light-colour'd skin,
And the other had horns on his head.

'Whence art thou?' said Beelzebub; 'stranger, proclaim,
For if Satan can rightly divine,
Thou art surely some hero of throat-cutting fame,
For ne'er to these regions a spirit there came,
With figure so hellish as thine.'

'No throats have I cut,' the lank goblin replied,
With voice that was hollow and shrill;
'I have cheated, and bullied, and swindled, and lied,
Sedition and falsehood I've spread far and wide,
And in mischief I never was still.

'My name is ——— ———;' no sooner said he,
Than Beelzebub rose with a grin;
He embrac'd the foul monster, who also display'd
His joy at the meeting; and both of them made
All Hell echo round with their din.

Ordeal, I–157, Mar. 11, 1809, Boston.

*I have not been able to discover what these volumes were. There is a short note in the German, which implies that they were entitled Dulder Soudth.

THE FOWLER.

A Song. Altered from a German air, in the opera of "Dizauberlote." *Gleaner,* I–374, Apr. 1809, Lancaster (Penn.).

[Also in *Mo. Anthology and Boston Rev.,* III–591, Nov. 1806, Boston.]

TO CHLOE.

From the German of Gesner.

[Prose translation.]

Visitor, I–154, Nov. 4, 1809, Richmond.

[S. Gessner, *An Chloen.*]

SONG.

From the German of Jacobi.

Boston Mirror, II–88, Dec. 30, 1809, Boston.

[Same as, *A Sonnet,* by Jacobi, in *Companion and Weekly Misc.,* I–104, Jan. 26, 1805, Balto.]

I publish the following new translation of "The Wild Hunter," first on account of its superiority over every other, and secondly because it is my intention in a future number to notice particularly this *chef d'oeuvre* of the German poet.

THE WILD HUNTER.

Loud, loud the baron winds his horn;
And, see, a lordly train
On horse, on foot, with deafening din,
Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack
Dash swift, from couples freed;
O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,
Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallowed temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heaven-ward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and prayer.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry:
See! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I guess full well:
Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
A milk-white steed bestrode;
Mild as the vernal skies, his face
With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
Red as the furnace flame;
Sullen he loured, and from his eyes
The death-like lightning came.

'Right welcome to our noble sport;'
The baron greets them fair;
'For well I wot ye hold it good
To banish moping care.

'No pleasure equal to the chase,
Or earth, or heaven can yield;'
He spoke,—he waved his cap in air,
And foremost rushed afield.

'Turn thee!' the milder horseman cries;
'Turn thee from horns and hounds!
Hear'st not the bells, hear'st not the quire,
Mingle their sacred sounds?

'They drown the clamor of the chase;
Oh! hunt not then to-day,
Nor let a fiend's advice destroy
Thy better angel's sway.'

'Hunt on, hunt on,' his comrade cries,
'Nor heed yon dotard's spell;
What is the bawling quire to us?
Or what the jangling bell?

'Well may the chase delight thee more;
And well may'st learn from me,
How brave, how princely is our sport,
From bigot terrors free.'

'Well said! well said! in thee I own
A hero's kindled fire;
These pious fool'ries move not us,
We reck nor priest, nor quire.

'And thou, believe me, saintlike dolt,
Thy bigot rage is vain;
From prayers and beadrolls, what delight
Can sportsmen hope to gain?'

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
O'er valley, hill and plain;
And ever at the baron's side
Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
Up-springs from yonder thorn:
'Now swiftly ply both horse and foot;
Now louder wind the horn!'

See, falls a huntsman! see, his limbs
The pangs of death distort!
'Lay there and rot: no caitiff's death
Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
Wide o'er the country borne;
Now closer prest a refuge seeks
Where waves the ripening corn.

See, the poor owner of the field
Approach with tearful eyes;
'O pity, pity, good my lords!'
Alas! in vain he cries.

'O spare what little store the poor
By bitter sweat can earn!'
Now soft the milder horseman warns
The baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds;
Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

'Away!' the imperious noble cries;
'Away, and leave us free!
Off! or by all the powers of hell,
Thou too shalt hunted be!

'Here, fellows! let this villain prove
My threats were not in vain:
Loud lash around his piteous face
The whips of all my train.'

Tis said, tis done: swift o'er the fence
The baron foremost springs;
Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
And loud the welkin rings.

Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
While man, and horse, and hound,
Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath and field, o'er hill and dale,
Scared by the approaching cries,
Still close pursued, yet still unreach'd,
Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mid the lowing herds that graze
Along yon verdant plain,
He hopes, concealed from every eye,
A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
Press ravening on his heels:
See, prostrate at the baron's feet
The affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue;
'O spare,' he cries, 'these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

'Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all!'
He spoke:—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere,
But pleas'd with darkest deeds;
Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

'Away, audacious hound!' he cries;
'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see thee transform'd to beasts
Thee and thy beggar brood.

'Then, to the very gates of heaven,
Who dare to say me nay!
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry;
Come fellows, no delay!'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
Rush swift with impious rage,
When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
Religion's free abode;
For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
E'en now have reach'd his god.

'They cry at heaven's high mercy seat,
For vengeance on thy head;
O turn, repentant turn, ere yet
The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more religion's cause in vain
The gentle stranger pleads;
Once more, alas! his sullen frere
A willing victim leads.

'Dash on!' the harden'd sinner cries;
'Shalt thou disturb our sport?
No! boldly would I urge the chase
In heaven's own inmost court.

'What reck I then thy pious rage?
No mortal man I fear:
Not god in all his terrors arm'd
Should stay my fix'd career.'

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
He calls his vassal-crew;
Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
All vanish from his view.

All, all, are gone!—no single rack
His eager eye can trace;
And silence, still as death, has hush'd
The clamors of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser's sides,
Nor back nor forward borne;
He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
But hears no sound return.

And now inclos'd in deepest night,
Dark as the silent grave,
He hears the sullen tempest roar,
As roars the distant wave.

Loud and louder still the storm
Howls through the troubled air;
Ten thousand thunders from on high
The voice of judgment bear.

Accursed before god and man,
Unmoved by threat or prayer;
Creator, nor created, aught
Thy frantic rage would spare.

'Think not in vain creation's lord
Has heard his creature's groan;
E'en now the torch of vengeance flames
High by his awful throne.

'Now, hear thy doom! to aftertimes
A dread example given,
For ever urge thy wild career,
By fiendish hell-hounds driven.'

The voice had ceased; the sulphurous flash
Shot swift from either pole;
Sore shook the grove; cold horror seized
The trembling miscreant's soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
Again the lightnings play;
And every limb, and every nerve
Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant's swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground;
He feels a demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood;
On each o'erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light,
Now red, now green, now blue;
Whilst o'er the gulf the fiendish train
Their destined prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly;
Still at his back the hell-born crew
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below earth's smiling face;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortured sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild baron's hunt;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman (dare they speak)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till god's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!

Rambler's Mag., I–137, [1809], N. Y.

[G. A. Bürger, *Der wilde Jäger.*]

III.

TRANSLATIONS OF DUTCH, DANISH, NORWEGIAN AND ICELANDIC POETRY, AND ORIGINAL POEMS REFERRING TO THE GERMAN COUNTRIES.

We hear from *Annopolis-Royal* that a play was acted the last Winter for the Entertainment of the Officers and Ladies at that Place and that the following Lines were Part of the Prologue compos'd and spoke on that Occasion.

Whilst to relieve a generous Queen's Distress,
Whom proud, ambitious Potentates oppress:
Our king pursues the most effectual Ways,
Sooths some to Peace, and there the Storm allays;
And against others, who 're more loath to yield,
He leads his *Britons* to the *German* Field:
Where to his Cost th' insulting Foe has found
What 'tis with *Britons* to dispute the Ground:
We still enjoying Peace in this cold Clime,
With innocent diversions pass our Time, &c.

Amer. Mag. and Hist. Chron., I–348, Apr. 1744, Boston.

WINTER, A POEM.

By the same [*i. e.*, Annandius].

The twelfth stanza:

Thrice happy they! but why my muse,
To rural pastimes so profuse?
The crouded city surely yields,

More joy than ice and snowy fields?
Here folks are witty and well dress'd,
And blooming beauty is caress'd
In ev'ry form art can devise—
With soothing flattery solemn lies,
And all that nymphs deluded prize
Here fashions reign, and modes prevail,
And in twelve moons again grow stale,
Thus ever vary, ever change,
Yet ever please—a thing most strange!
And here each thing is told that's new
What *Loundoun* or what *Richlieu* do,
Each secret expedition too—
And then great FREDERICK's *noble* feats,
When he th' imperial forces beats.
Such themes the lazy hours beguile;
There's nothing else that's worth our while.

. . . . . .

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–238, Feb. 1758, Phila.

To the Proprietors, &c.

GENTLEMEN:

The honour of becoming a father has made me desirous of ushering the following *Ode* into the world, which is my own true, honest, and lawfully begotten birth. I, therefore know of no better method than to commit it to the care of gentlemen of your abilities and public character; for if it remains with me it must live and die in obscurity.

Philadelphia, February 25th. PHILANDREIA.

ON THE COMPLEAT VICTORY GAIN'D BY HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY OVER THE FRENCH AND IMPERIAL ARMY, THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, 1757.

A *Pindaric* Ode.

'Tis he! 'tis he! I hear him from afar,
Thundering like the God of War;
To Rosbach's plains, in dread array,

The god-like hero bends his way!
Hark! the rattling rumbling noise of drums!
He comes, he comes!
See, *Prussia's* awful king's at hand!
He speaks, he speaks! attentive stand!
His well known voice, the gallant warriours hear,
And bend their wide-extended wings both front and rear,
Which half enclose him round.
Stern as the face of war, and yet serene,
With grace attractive, and majestic mein,
Was the mighty monarch seen.
With martial rage each bosom glow'd,
While from his lips those moving accents flow'd—
'My valiant troops, my dear and trusty friends,
'The hour at last is come, in which depends
'What ever is, or should to us be dear,
'Upon the sword-unsheath'd, and glitt'ring spear.
'For PROTESTANTS-*unborn* you fight: Your cause is good,
'Which you have yet maintain'd, thro' seas of richest blood.
'And, bear me witness, that your Prince thus far,
'Hath shar'd each danger in this glorious war;
'Nor shall it e'er by envious* tongue be told
'Your leader shrunk from watching, hunger, cold,
'And left the burden to his vet'rans bold
'Oh! no; my faithful bands!
'With you your FRED'RICK stands,
'For *Freedom* ready to impart
'Those crimson drops that roll around his heart'—
He spoke: And acclamations loud,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud,
Struck th' approaching foe with awe;
And the madly-floating sound
Fill'd the wide extended plains around,
With the wild *Huzza.*
Each warrior, big with rage,

* We have taken the liberty to make two or three small alterations here, which we flatter ourselves the ingenious author's judgment will approve of and excuse, as they do not affect the sense.

Stands panting to engage;
And now the voice of furious Joy
Again bursts forth into the vaulted sky;
And the rude rocks rebound
The warlike trumpet's solemn sound—
"Destroy! destroy! destroy!"
As water roaring from a mountain's side
Tears down whole rocks with its impetuous tide;
And rolling through the plains with furious sweep,
Bears off the shepherd's cottage, and his sheep,
Into the surging of th' astonish'd deep;
So each band,
Sword in hand,
Pour'd on the foe;
Thund'ring, flashing,
Fiercely clashing
Arms on Arms—
Glory's Charms,
Fir'd each breast with martial glow,
Ah, see what piteous scenes appear.
When warriors yield their breath;
Now dying groans invade the ear,
They sink in glorious death.
Prussian rage the foe confounds,
Some stagger, fall, are slain,
Some cover'd o'er with blood and wounds,
Lie weltring on the plain,
Surpriz'd and confounded,
With horror surrounded,
And pale fear half dead,
They're vanquish'd and fled.
Hark! hark! the trumpet's sound
A shout for *Victory* spreads around;
And *Victory* the vales,
And *Victory* the dales,
And *Victory* the tufted hills rebound!
When muttering thunders roll along the sky.
You may have seen the winged lightnings fly;

Quick as thought, the flashes glance
Thro' th' immensurable wide expanse—
So nimble warriours flew,
When they gave their foes the rout,
With this universal shout,
"Pursue! pursue! pursue!"
O'er carcasses of heroes slain,
The mighty victors rode,
Where shiver'd armour strew'd the plain
Empurpled o'er with blood;
Now thund'ring on their broken rear,
He spreads destruction, death and fear,
Till day forsakes him, and the sullen night,
In thickest gloom of hov'ring shades, descends
To the assistance of her ghastly friends,
And screens the *vanquish'd* from the *victor's* sight!

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–240, Feb. 1758, Phila.

ODE ON THE LATE VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA,

By the same [*i. e.*, Annandius].

I.

Hail matchless monarch! prince renown'd!
Long be thy head with laurels crown'd,
By victories obtained!
For liberty long hast thou stood,
In crimson fields of war and blood
That peace may be regain'd.

II.

When Austria and aspiring Gaul
Determin'd kingdoms to enthral,
Lo Prussia's pow'rful prince!
With watchful eye and warlike hand,
Makes them aghast and trembling stand,
Rais'd up by providence.

III.

As when a Lion rears his head,
The forest wide is fill'd with dread,
  Each creature seeks his den;
Or when Leviathan the great
Displays himself in finny state
  He terrifies the main.

IV.

In fair record shall long remain
The DAY, when on *Thuringia's* plain
  SOUBISE before him fled;
When HILBOURGHAUSEN'S num'rous band
'Gainst Prussian valor could not stand,
  With terror almost dead.

V.

With haste they fled, and bless'd the night,
Which hid them from the victor's sight,
  And favoured their retreat.
Near Freybourg walls, the *Unstrut* pass'd.
On hills of Eckersberg harras'd,
  They mourn'd their adverse fate.

VI.

O glorious prince! O warlike train!
Who hunger, cold and toil sustain
  With brave unyielding mind!
To you proud Austria shall submit,
And LOUIS lovingly shall greet
  The *Prussian* as his friend.

VII.

In characters of purest gold
Thy speech deserves to be enroll'd,
  Before the battle made;
Each Soldier stil'd great FRED'RICK'S friend,
Who can his country's rights defend
  When her fierce foes invade.

VIII.

Who would, in battle lag behind,
That serves a prince so great, so kind,
In every danger near?
When monarchs' lives are laid at stake,
What subject would his king forsake?
What room is left for fear?

IX.

Europe on thee has fix'd her eye,
Great monarch! All on thee rely
Her balance just to keep.
May this great end thy labours crown,
Be sempiternal thy renown,
When thou in dust shall sleep.

Philadelphia, February 10, 1758.

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–240, Feb. 1758, Phila.

The same worthy motives that induced the author to send us the following poem, will induce us to give it place this month, altho we are already crowded with materials. We think it our duty, as *Britons* and *Protestants*, to take every opportunity of celebrating such an illustrious hero as the King of *Prussia;* and, however unequal the strains may be thought, yet if they contribute ever so little to raise an imitation of his noble and almost divine atchievments, in the cause of *Religion* and *Liberty*, our end will be fully answered.

ON THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE HEROICK KING OF PRUSSIA OVER THE IMPERIAL ARMY NEAR NEWMARK IN SILESIA THE 5TH DECEMBER 1757.

I.

My muse! again attempt the lyre;
Rouse! rouse! thy whole poetic fire!
Great FREDRICK's deeds do still require
More ample praise.
Let his great acts the verse inspire,
And tuneful be thy lays.

II.

Illustrious HANNIBAL of old,
CAESAR the brave and SCIPIO bold,
For battles won stand high enroll'd
In hist'ry's page!
Let Fred'rick's name with theirs be told,
The HERO of his age!

III.

Rosbach! thy plain the VICTOR owns!
'Twas fill'd with shrieks and dying groans,
And mangled limbs and shatter'd bones—
In heaps they lay!
The vanquished *Gaul* as yet bemoans
That inauspicious day.

IV.

Yea FRED'RICK bent on conquests new,
Doth ALEXANDER-like pursue,
As if the world he would subdue—
Undaunted prince!
That thou 'rt a *Hero* great and true
Each action doth evince.

V.

Silesia first demands relief,
His losses there augment his grief;
Thitherward the *Prussians* and their CHIEF,
To BEVERN'S aid
Make hasty marches; and in brief
Their parts they nobly play'd.

VI.

See! see! the godlike MAN proceed!
And vet'ran bands to battle lead,
Inur'd to toil, and warlike deed,
A hardy race!
Such troops are princes' friends indeed,
And do their LEADER grace.

VII.

The trumpet's sound, and loudest noise
Of martial drums, increase their joys;
Not by compulsion led, but choice,
And bold to fight,
Their *Country's* cause in mind they poise;
War! War! is their delight!

VIII.

Now they engage with furious shout;
And join in battle fierce and stout,
Th' invet'rate *Foe* at length they rout;
And loud they cry—
O! matchless *Prussians!* ne'er give out;
Pursue! Cut off! Destroy!

IX.

Th' intrepid victors far and near
Spread fierce destruction on the rear,
Their enemies with trembling fear
Their arms lay down;
Who whilom haughty and severe,
Had deem'd the field their own.

X.

See them triumphant bear away
Th' imperial standards waving gay!
A thousand trophies line the way;
As they return,
Beneath their feet, a hapless prey,
The vanquish'd mourn.

XI.

Behold the blood impurpled plain,
And shiver'd armour of the slain!
Their dreams of honour, ah! how vain?
Gasping they lie!
Now of their wounds complain,
Now sink and faint and die.

XII.

Such is th' event of human things,
The fates of emp'rors and of kings;
Death in the rear disaster brings,
Dreadful to see!
Such as great POPE or HOMER sings,
Strains far too high for me.

XIII.

But CHARLES and valiant DAUN retreat,
Who lately led an army great—
At *Breslau* now in shatter'd state
They rendezvous:
And there bemoan their adverse fate,
And dismal overthrow.

XIV.

The *Prussian Chief* pursues with speed,
At his approach they're fill'd with dread,
From whose terrific arm, dismay'd,
So late they flew!
O FREDRICK! matchless prince, proceed,
Thy glorious course pursue!

XV.

To him those *Heros* yield the town,
And him a *greater Hero* own;
Who soon its walls could batter down,
And lay them low.
Long may he wear the *Prussian Crown*,
And curb each haughty *Foe*.
—Annandius.

March 11th, 1758.

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–279, Mar. 1757, Phila.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S ODE.

I.

Oh God! all powerful God!
Invincible, unknown!
Creator, father of all;
Whom every nation implores;
Whom the Barbarian worships in the wind.
By what name will it please thee
That I shall address thee? Oh infinite,
All wise, and eternal spirit!
At the foot of thy sacred throne I most humbly bow my head.

II.

Forsaken by my only friends,
In a strange country,
Where winter was near killing us;
The enraged enemy on every side,
With their savage instruments,
The sword and fire consuming,
As if sacrificers,
They came with their deadly rage,
And hasten'd to destroy us with cries of triumph.

III.

But in thy penetrating view,
How vain are powerful troops!
I, still intrepid, dare the combat;
My buckler and my lance being my cause:
And behold the armies meet;
They turn their backs, we following to punish:
Victorious each of my soldiers
Seems to carry of war
The most terrible thunder;
And every arm is a thousand in the fury of the combat.

IV.

Then I owe thee success
To fortune! why so?
Justice succoured me;
From on high she cast down her eyes;
And when she perceived the contending parties,
She lifted up her hand to weigh
The right of each side,
And as she found the balance incline, she employ'd her sword.

The King of Prussia employs himself in times of peace in the following manner: He rises at five; on business till seven; dresses, and receives letters and petitions till nine; from nine to eleven with his ministers; then on the parade, to exercise the guards; dines at half an hour after twelve with some of his officers; at half an hour after one he retires till five; then somebody reads to him till seven; then the concert; at nine come the men of genius; they sup half an hour after, and converse till eleven; then the king retires, and at twelve goes to bed.—He is a statesman, soldier, author, and musician; indefatigable in business; and by method overlooks and directs everything; very frugal; without farce of state; the idle officers of the court have the usual titles; but no pay for the drones, tho' they are mostly officers.

THE THIRD PSALM PARAPHRASED, ALLUDING TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY.

Look down, O God! regard my cry!
On thee my hopes depend:
I'm close beset, without ally;
Be thou my shield and friend.
Confed'rate kings and princes league,
On ev'ry side attack
To perpetrate the black intrigue
But thou canst drive them back,
Long did I fear their wink and nod;
In close cabals they cry'd,
There is no help for him in God;
His kingdom we'll divide.
Amid their army's dreadful glare
Thou gav'st me inward might,

Teaching my arm the art of war,
My fingers how to fight.
Tho' vet'ran troops my camp invest,
Expert in war's alarms,
Calmly I lay me down to rest
In thy protecting arms.
Nor will I fear their empty boasts,
Tho' thousands thousands join;
Since thou art stil'd *the God of hosts,*
And victory is thine.
Arise, O God, and plead my cause,
O! save me by thy pow'r;
If e'er I reverenc'd thy laws,
Guide this important hour!
'Tis done!—they shudder with dismay;
My troops maintain their ground:
Lo! their embattl'd lines give way,
And we are victors crown'd!
Success, ye kings, is not your gift;
To heav'n it does belong:
The race not always to the swift
Nor battle to the strong.

New Amer. Mag., No. IV–78, Apr. 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

SPEECH OF THE PRINCE OF BRUNSWICK TO THE HANOVERIAN AND HESSIAN TROOPS.

To injured troops thus gallant BRUNSWICK spoke;
'Shall we with tameness bear the *Gallic* yoke!
'Will ye, O Veterans, inur'd to pains
'And toils of War, drag ignominious chains?
'Turn and behold! behold where hostile bands
'Seize on your properties, lay waste your lands,
'Your daughters, wives, snatch'd forcibly away,
'Slaves to proud *Gallia's* sons, to best a prey!

'Hark! how with piercing Cries, the tender Maid,
'By force subdu'd, implores her father's aid;
'In agonies repeats her brother's name,
'To flay the ruffians and preserve her fame!
'Rouze! GERMANS! rouze! a glorious vengeance take;
'Religion, honour, freedom, all's at stake!
. . . "Enough," they cry'd, "let FERDINAND proceed,
"We dare to follow, where he dares to lead."
Fir'd by their country's wrongs, to arms they fly,
Resolv'd to save her, or resolved to die.

New Amer. Mag., No. IV–80, Apr. 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

ON A CARGO OF FRENCH MUFFS SEIZ'D BY THE PRUSSIANS.

Lewis, the winter harsh, and climate rough,
To each of his nice captains, sends a muff,
Knowing his troops too tender to resist
The foe, without a furr to guard his wrist;
For who could prime his gun, or pistol hold,
Whose aching fingers were benumbed with cold.
Prussia, a different scheme in war approves;
Whose hardy veterans charge without their gloves.
Defy the rigour of the chilling air,
And fight, and conquer with their knuckles bare.
Bourbon! if wreathes and triumphs are thy aim,
Think of some wiser way to purchase fame:
Some other arts thy rival to subdue,
Soft muffs, without keen swords, will never do;
Thy shivering troops would act a better part,
Would'st thou send something that could warm their heart;
Less for their valour than their heels admir'd
With fighting oft' . . . with flying seldom tir'd,
Success thy arms would never fail to meet,
Were battles to be won by nimble feet.

New Amer. Mag., No. IV–80, Apr. 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S ODE IMITATED IN RHIME.

1.

Father of all! all pow'rful Lord!
Infinitely unknown!
By heathen, and by saint ador'd,
Tho' differently, yet one;
By what great name shall I address
Thee everlasting king?
Oh! how my gratitude express?
Oh! how thy praises sing?
But, O great God! omniscient ever just,
Permit towards thy throne to bow, a particle of dust.

2

By friends forsaken ev'ry where,
Alone, the brunt to stand,
Winter's inclement cold to bear,
And in a foreign Land;
The foe, enrag'd on ev'ry side,
Dire implements of war
In various shapes and forms provide,
And doom them for our share.
Heav'ns! with what fury to the charge they fly;
Forestal the vict'ry, but forget that man was born to die!

3.

Yet he who frequently has said,
That numbers don't avail,
Inspir'd us not to be dismay'd,
But stand, fight, and prevail:
The battle join'd, the foe gave way,
Superior valour own'd,
And left to us a glorious day,
With spoils and honours crown'd:
Each single *Prussian* arm the hero play'd,
Dealt round an hundred deaths, an hundred conquests made.

4.

Is it to fortune then I owe
This unthought for success?
Fortune is blind, it can't be so,
I must some other guess:
Justice, bright heav'nly maid, beheld
The dire contention rise,
Saw, and her sacred beam she held
Suspended in the skies:
The *Austrian* scale kick'd up, by our's weigh'd down,
Justice approv'd, and straight ordain'd the field to be our own.

New Amer. Mag., No. V–119, May 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

THE RELAXATION OF WAR:

OR THE HERO'S PHILOSOPHY, &C. WROTE BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA, DURING HIS RESIDENCE AT BRESLAU.

Love by *Hope* is still sustain'd,
Zeal by the *Reward* that's gain'd;
In *Pow'r, Authority* begins,
Weakness strength from *Prudence* wins;
Honesty is *Credit's* wealth,
Temp'rance the support of *Health;*
Wit from calm *Contentment* springs,
Content 'tis *Competence* that brings,
Competence, as all may see,
Springs from good *Oeconomy.*
Maids, to fan a lover's fire,
Sweetness more than charms require;
Authors more from *Truth* may gain
Than from tropes that please in vain;
Arts will less than *Virtues* tend
Happiness and *Life* to blend;
He that *Happiness* wou'd get
Prudence more must prize than *Wit,*
More than *Riches* rosy *Health,*
Blameless *Quiet* more than *Wealth.*

Nought to *owe,* and nought to *hoard,*
Little *Land* and little *Board,*
Little *Fav'rite,* true and kind,
These are blessings to my mind.
I, when winter comes, desire
Little *Room* but plenteous *Fire,*
Temp'rate *Glasses,* gen'rous *Wine,*
Dishes few whene'er I dine.
Yes, my sober thoughts are such,
Man must never have *too* much;
Not too much . . . What solid sense.
Three such little words dispense!
Too much *Rest* benumbs the mind;
Too much *Strife* distracts mankind;
Too much *Negligence* is *Sloth;*
Too much *Zeal* is *Folly's* growth;
Too much *Love* our peace annoys,
Too much *Physic* life destroys;
Too much *Cunning's* fraudful art,
Too much *Firmness* want of heart
Too much *sparing* makes a knave;
Those are *rash* that are *too* brave;
Too much *Wealth* like weight oppresses;
Too much *Fame* with care distresses;
Too much *Pleasure* death will bring,
Too much *Wit's* a dang'rous thing;
Too much *Trust* is folly's guide,
Too much *Spirit* is but pride;
He's a dupe that is *too free,*
Too much *Bounty* weak must be;
Too much *Complaisance* a knave,
Too much *Zeal to please* a slave.
This TOO MUCH, tho' bad it seem,
Chang'd with ease to good you deem;
But in this you err my friend,
For on *Trifles* all depend.
Trifles great effects produce,
Both of pleasure and of use;
Trifles often turn the scale,

When in love or law we fail;
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend;
Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain;
Trifles, trifles more or less,
Give us, or withold success;
Trifles, when we *hope,* can cheer,
Trifles smite us when we fear:
All the flames that lovers know,
Trifles quench and trifles blow.

N. B. This little poem is sold for 6d. sterl. in London, and 3d. here.

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–440, June 1758, Phila.

ON READING IN THE PUBLICK PAPERS, OF A LADY THAT HAD ORDER'D THE KING OF PRUSSIA A PRESENT OF A THOUSAND POUNDS.

No more let haughty *Austrians* cry,
"*Fred'rick* our foe, has no ally."
The *British* fair are on his side,
And for the next campaign provide;
Their fortunes to his chests transfer . . .
Money the sinews is of war.
For him they plead, and much can say,
For him they grow devout and pray!
For him their martial ardours rise,
And arm afresh their killing eyes;
Those shining warriors ne'er were beat,
But gain a conquest by retreat.

New Amer. Mag., No. VII–172, July 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

Gentlemen.

The following small poetical performance was hastily composed at the request, and for the entertainment, of a select company of publick spirited friends, who gave me a short notice of their intention to dine with me, and drink the protestant champion's health, as they termed the king of *Prussia*. They were indulgent enough to express their unanimous approbation of the piece, and insisted on my sending it up to you, in order (if you would be of their opinion) to occupy a leaf in your *Magazine*. I hope no reader will think the dignity of the subject, lessened merely by the familiar strain, in which it is written: when they consider, that *such* seemed most suitable to the occasion, the verses consisting of eleven feet, are to be read, like the *Greek Jambics* (which were, anciently, much used in convivial festivities) with less solemnity and more rapidity, than the common heroic measure of ten feet in our language will admit.

Kent, Maryland, July 14, 1758.

THE ROYAL COMET.

Mistaken astronomers, gaze not so high:
The *Comet* foretold is not *yet* in the sky.
It shines here on earth, tho' deputed from Heav'n;
And remarkably flam'd last year—*Fifty sev'n.*
In **Wodon's* bold figure, three thousand years past,
O'er ancient Germania its lustre it cast.
Next, wearing †*Arminius,* thy form, it return'd;
And, fatal to *Rome's* blasted legions, it burn'd.
Now, attended with all the thunders of war,
Our *Prussia's* great *Frederick* is that *Blazing Star!*
Heav'ns proxy to nations opprest; but a *Sign*
To tyrants he comes of a vengeance divine.
Eccentric and rapid the north saw him rowl:
(For heroes and stars seem most bright near the pole)
To *Britain* propitious he sheds forth his rays;
While *Babel's* lewd *Harlot,* his terrors amaze.
The fierce *Russian Bear* his splendors affright;
And *Austria's* proud *Eagle* now shrinks from his light.

* The founder and first legislator of the German nation, to whom after his deification the fourth day of our week was consecrated, now contracted from Wodon's day to Wednesday.

† The brave assertor of his country's liberty against the Roman invasions, who cut to pieces three legions commanded by *Quintilius Varus* in the reign of *Augustus Cæsar.*

While freedom's glad sons with due warmth he inspires;
The *Lillies* of *France* are all scorch'd in his fires.
False *Stockholm* shall find the *Baltic* no bar is.
Now at *Vienna,* he'll soon be at *Paris.*
O'er *Ocean* from *Europe* his influence hurl'd
Shall animate here, O *George,* thy new world.
Our laws, our religion, our rights he befriends,
And conquest o'er savage invaders portends;
O'er christians miscall'd, who their nature disgrace,
Bely human form, and god's image deface.

Hail, *Living Effulgence,* whose all honour'd name
Shall grace, first of mortals, the annals of fame!
Whose glory shall spread, thro' each age and each clime,
To the final extent of space and of time!
Who the Virtues *Trajan* and *Titus* unite;
The victor of empires, and *Mankind's Delight!*
Hail, radiance auspicious, from light's fountain born
Each dark hemisphere to relume and adorn!
To whom if compar'd, other kings all appear,
Like little dim *Sparklers,* round *Cynthia's* bright sphere.
The wonder of monarchs, a patriot imperial,
Endow'd with a spirit of vigour aetherial!
For worth, less than your's in pale envy's despite,
Old chiefs claim'd to honours celestial a right!
From their funeral piles in flames eagles soar'd;
Earth's heroes grew gods, and dead kings were ador'd.
Defensive, fair justice, he fights in thy cause,
And his sword, lightning pointed, reluctant he draws,
His courage on aggregate perils still grows;
And his triumphs increase from multiply'd foes.
Ye *Cæsars,* ye *Bourbons,* ye scourges of God,
Ye saw on the wings of the wind how he rode:
Revere then heav'ns champion, who, charg'd with your doom,
Shall quell the leagu'd hosts of *Gaul, Satan* and *Rome!*
When earth's giant crew, each with manifold hands,
Assaulted *Jove's* seat, in confederate bands;
Thus *Evius* asserted the throne of his sire,
And heap'd o'er th' aggressors a mountain of fire!

Ye numberless suns, his kindred, on high,
For six thousand years whom cou'd ye descry;
Whom, like him, have seen of meer mortal birth;
Tho *Alfred* and *Edward* once dignify'd earth?
Blush, blush, scepter'd pirates, who trail your faint fire:
Ye meteors, that transiently dazzling expire!
Whose lust of vain pow'r stains the page of your story:
What glow worms ye look, and how lost in his glory?
Blush, butchers, whose banners red massacre shames,
That *Honest* and *Great* should bear different names!
Go waste the creation for empire and pelf:
The globe you may win, but *he* conquers himself!
To spare he subdues; as he sought to defend;
Dire war's his forc'd mean: but fair peace his lov'd end.
Tho' trophies in battles o'er your's he can raise;
Yet these he accounts but a second rate praise.
Who by victories plum'd ne'er thinks it disgrace,
To sigh that they're earn'd by the blood of his race.
The public's first servant, and humble in station;
He found his firm glory on wise legislation.
His country's great father, in blessings most blest,
Who loses his own for the world's peace and rest!
Still only ambitious of fair-won renown,
And olives with laurels to wreath in his crown.
Say poet, philosopher, critick, divine,
What art thou?—Since all, but omniscience is thine.
Self-taught, tho' a king! and now destin'd to prove,
That *Minerva,* like thee, sprang perfect from *Jove.*
Like thee, fam'd for wisdom; like thee for alarms:
The goddess of science, and goddess of arms!
In his words, in his deeds, we read his great heart;
Too gen'rous for fraud, and too wise for mean art.
With aw still reflecting whence all grandeur springs;
And only dependent on thee, King of Kings!
The mate of his vet'rans in each noble feat;
The first in the charge, and the last in retreat,
A statesman and monarch, yet true to his word;
A soldier with honour, more bright than his sword.
Whom pow'r ne'er corrupted; whom learning adorns:

Who, ev'n in idea, court-turpitude scorns:
—Yet why should we wonder, that *this* he disdains;
When the blood of good *George* flows rich in his veins?

Amer. Mag. and Mo. Chron., I–551, Aug. 1758, Phila.

MR. VOLTAIRE'S LETTER TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY.

Translated.

Kind Prince! whom the admiring world must own
By truth and nature form'd to grace a throne:
Whose dawn of empire like the solar ray,
Chears half the *North* with hopes of lasting day;
Receive the homage which the Muses send,
Their fav'rite thou! their guardian! and their friend!
ARE you enthron'd? . . . And does your goodness deign
To own your poet, and regard his strain?
O blissful moment! dear auspicious grace!
Does FRED'RICK'S smile my wand'ring steps embrace?
Does his great soul possess'd of wisdom's balm,
(Ever benevolent, and ever calm!)
Leave all the dignity of state behind,
To meet the humble lover of mankind?
And can your hand the royal gift impart
To style me friend of your *distinguish'd* heart?
Fame says of old, that *Phoebus* heavenly bright,
O'er the wide world who spreads the living light,
So *Jove* ordain'd . . . his splendid carr resign'd,
To live below and humanize mankind:
No more his brows their wonted rays reveal'd,
A shepherd's form the exil'd god conceal'd;
In *Phrygian* wilds to an unletter'd race,
He sung with such divinely-pleasing grace,
The savage nation in their softened hearts,
Receiv'd the love of virtue and of arts!
The rudest breasts the strong persuasion felt,

Were taught to think, to reason, and to melt!
Themselves to know, the social tye to own,
And learn they were not made to live alone!
Then every useful science sprung to birth,
And peaceful labour blest the smiling earth:
Men now united lost their antient rage,
Nature rejoic'd and blest her *golden age;*
An *age* by heav'n design'd for man no more,
Unless a FREDERICK shall *that* age restore!
It chanc'd as thro' the wood *Apollo* stray'd,
Ere gathering numbers peopled half the shade;
As near the cooling stream he pass'd the day
And wak'd the golden lyre to wisdom's lay!
Attentive to the sound a *stranger swain,*
His reed attun'd to imitate the strain;
The god well-pleas'd the rustic genius spy'd,
Approv'd his aim, and deign'd to be his guide!
Aided his trembling hands to touch the string,
Whisper'd the words, and shew'd him how to sing!
The swain improving blest the care bestow'd,
Nor in the *master* yet perceiv'd the *god:*
Nor knew the immortal flame his bosom fir'd,
But like a shepherd lov'd him, and admir'd!
In me, *great prince,* the image stands renew'd,
I feel myself with kindred warmth indu'd;
As to thy praise I tune the conscious lyre,
I ask whence draws my breast the noble fire?
Tell what inspires me, happy people tell?
Beneath my Fred'rick's orient sway who dwell:
From rapid *Rhine* to silver-streaming *Meine,*
The peaceful subjects of his placid reign?
Or ye on *Prussia's* amber yielding shore,
Who bless his name, and hail his guardian power!
Yes . . . let consenting lands his virtues raise,
And fame with all her tongues repeat his praise!
Whose scepter shall *Astrea's* rule restore,
And bid dejected MERIT* sigh no more.

*This alludes to the new order instituted by his Prussian Majesty, the badge of which is a gold medal with this inscription, For Merit.

As once directed by the voice of fame
To *wisdom's King* the *southern princess* came;
At FREDERICK'S call . . . see ravish'd to obey,
The sons of learning take their chearful way;
To hear *that* sense which still attention draws;
And bless *that* goodness which directs his laws;
Close by his throne *Philosophy* shall smile,
To view her prince approve her children's toil!
While *Science* joys to see his kind regards
Inspire the muse, his bounty still rewards;
Not distant far, calm *Charity* shall stand,
Stretching to *Piety* her social hand:
Justice shall banish *arbitrary might,*
And *Commerce* chearful *Plenty* shall invite:
But *Goodness* chief . . . in form angelic drest,
(Such as she lives in FREDERICK'S royal breast!)
Beneath her wings shall bid the worthy find
A shelter from the storms that vex mankind;
The friend of truth, by fraud or malice hurl'd
Through all the mazes of a faithless world.
Whom envy persecutes and bigots hate,
Shall here enjoy an undisturb'd retreat;
With HIM, who scorns the empty pride or blood,
But shares his grandeur with the *wise* and *good!*
What tho' his prudence guards the chance of war,
His mildness eyes the mischief from afar!
What tho' his arms might *Cæsar's* laurels find,
The peaceful olive suits his greater mind:
Yet safe in all events the storm he views,
In peace or war . . . the darling of the Muse!
In either state, alike insur'd success,
Since all his aim is to defend and bless!
Yet while impending clouds their darkness spread,
He arms for war . . . but arms without a dread!
No *giant forms** compose a vain parade,
No glittering *figures* of the *warrior-trade:*

* This alludes to the king's allowing liberty to the tall soldiers his father forced into his service.

Valour he courts without the pomp of art,
And rises on the service of the heart:
He boasts it all his glory to be just
(A pride beyond the title of *August!*)
Which time secures, the most impartial friend,
And guards his *name* till nature fells her end!
So when beneath the curs'd *Cæsarian* race
Rome felt the horrors of her first disgrace;
Great *Trajan* rose with every virtue blest,
To give the weary world the sweets of rest:
No blood, no conquest mark'd his spotless reign,
'Twas goodness form'd th' inviolable chain;
E'en *India's* Kings receiv'd the willing yoke,
For goodness is a band no savage broke!
Not *Salem's* walls defil'd with wilful blood,
A crime, her victor's clemency withstood:
Not all her honours levell'd with the dust,
Styl'd *Titus good,* or *merciful,* or *just:*
Love knit the charm on which his greatness rose,
A charm! not worlds united can oppose!
Behold the glorious pattern marks your rise!
Nor quit the steps by which he gain'd the skies:
Try to surpass! (but heav'n his *fate* refuse!)
He wept a day! . . . which YOU *will never lose!*

New Amer. Mag., No. XI–283, Nov. 1758, Woodbridge in N. J.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPISTLE FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm station plac'd,
Yet heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indifference would I view
Departing fortune's winged haste,
And at the goddess laugh like you.
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
Imperial duty's real weight,

The faithless courtier's supple bow,
The fickle multitude's caress,
And flatt'rers wordy emptiness,
By long experience well I know;
And, tho' a prince and poet born,
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
For when the ruthless sheers of fate
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank me with th' unconscious dead,
What will't avail that *I was* great,
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
In mem'ry's temple chants my name?
One blissful moment whilst we live
Weighs more than ages of renown;
What then do potentates receive
Of good peculiarly their own?
Sweet ease, and unaffected joy,
Domestic peace, and sportive pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure
To what we monarchs buy so dear,
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, nor fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all *his* peaceful mind,
Guided by *Plato's* deathless page,

In silent solitude resigned
To the mild virtues of a sage;
But I 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Must be to face the tempest's rage,
In thought, in life, in death a king.

New Amer. Mag., No. XVII–470, May 1759, Woodbridge in N. J.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin
Says wise Professor Vander Brüin
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year; and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground;
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her power and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wisdom Vander Brüin.

Boston Mag., III–81, Feb. 1786, Boston.

ODE TO DEATH

By Frederick II, King of Prussia.

From the French, by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Yet a few years or days perhaps,
Or moments pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's fantastick dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
And endless darkness wraps me round!
Yes, Death, is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air and fire, and water join
Against this fleeting life of mine,
And where for succour can I fly?
If art with flattering wiles pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol Flesh to dust consigned,
Once call'd from dust by power divine:
Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold—
Hence dreadful spectre! to behold
Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
This flesh still pamper and adorn?
Thus viewing what I soon shall be,
Can what I am demand the knee,
Or look on aught around with scorn?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate betides?
Can this be dust, a kneaded clod!
This yield to death! the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the wind,
That knows at once itself and God?

Great Cause of all, above, below,
Who knows thee must forever know,
Immortal and divine!
Thy image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids Eternity be mine.

Transporting thought!—but I am sure
That endless life will joy secure?
  Joys only to the just decreed!
The guilty wretch expiring goes,
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
  That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between;
  And can I jest, and laugh and play?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees, deeply rooted in the ground,
  Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do ye bind with silken claims,
  Which ask Herculean strength to break!
How with new terrours have ye arm'd
The power whose slightest glance alarm'd!
  How many deaths of one ye make!

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in errour bold,
  Forget or scorn, the laws of death;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows nor toils, nor hopes they guide,
  Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights for wealth or power,
  And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
And he who tott'ring scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
  And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulfs, winds, search sea and land,
  And spoil new worlds wherever found.
Seize, haste to seize the glittering prize,
And sighs, and tears and prayers despise,
  Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desperate hand you seek in vain,
  Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who, that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate rebel,
  Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress wide and far,
  Sure he shall reign while ages fly;
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
  To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled
  Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
  And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, fortune weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,
  And scarce the form of man is seen:
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roses glow,
  The cypress mine, funereal green.

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful Truth unveil'd appears,
  Some power unknown usurps my breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's labyrinth tread,
  And Fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom Pleasure's flowery wreaths can bind,
  And captive to her altars lead!
Weak Reason yields to Frenzy's rage,
And all the world is Folly's stage,
  And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange and sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This fickleness so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient dream,
Where men nor things are what they seem,
Is all the real good we gain.

New Haven Gaz. and Conn. Mag., I–339, Dec. 7, 1786, New Haven.

NARCISSA

[A poem, the third stanza of which is as follows:]

Perhaps, like *Werter, pensive in the shade,
I mourn in vain, and curse relentless fate
Or while I love the sympathetic maid,
Adversity's black clouds around me wait.

* An unfortunate lover.

Columbian Mag. or Mo. Misc., I–245, Jan. 1787, Phila.

CHARLOTTE'S SOLILOQUY—TO THE MANES OF WERTER.

By the late doctor Ladd.

Why, Werter, dost thou leave me so?
I wander through the gloom:
And with the tears of silent woe,
Each night bedew thy tomb.

Why, Werter, dost thou leave me so?
Thy friends, thy kindred flee?
Dost thou no longer Charlotte know?
Have friends no charms for thee?

Why, Werter, dost thou leave me so,
All lonely, full of fears?

Behold thy friends are left to woe,
And Charlotte left in tears.

Why, Werter, dost thou leave me so,
To wander round thy tomb?
Alas! presentiments of woe
Foretold thy fatal doom.

Why Werter didst thou leave me so,
In terrible despair?
Those pistols did thy fate foreknow:
Ah! why was Charlotte there!

Why, Werter, didst thou leave me so?
Alas! thou wrong'dst my love,
To leave me weeping here below,
While thou art blest above.

Werter, thou shalt not leave me so:
We must not parted be:
I quit the world—to heav'n I go!
Werter, I fly to thee.

Amer. Museum, I–180, Feb. 1787, Phila.

DEATH OF WERTER.

I

And say, did Charlotte's hand these pistols give?
Come, ye dear pledges, sacred to my love—
Since giv'n by her, 'twould be a crime to live—
No; come ye pistols; all your death I prove.

II

But first one kiss, for there did Charlotte touch,
Ye sacred relics, now are ye most dear;
Tho' o'er your deeds will Charlotte sorrow much,
And even Albert drop a pitying tear.

III

May heav'n forgive the unconsider'd deed!
It gave me passions, nor could I controul:
But if, poor Werter, 'tis a crime to bleed,
The God of heav'n have mercy on thy soul.

IV

Charlotte I go!—my pistols have their load:
My last, my dying thoughts are fix'd on you!
I go! I go thro' death's untrodden road;
Once, and for ever, Charlotte—Oh! adieu!

Amer. Museum, I–474, May 1787. Phila.

WERTER'S EPITAPH.

I

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, that from below
This grass-green hill, with steady steps dost press;
Shed sympathetic tears; for stranger know,
Here lies the son of sorrow and distress.

II

Although his soul with ev'ry virtue mov'd,
Tho' at his birth deceitful fortune smil'd,
In one sad hour, too fatally he lov'd;
False fortune frown'd, and he was sorrow's child.

III

Heav'n gave him passions, as she virtue gave,
But gave not pow'r those passions to suppress:
By them subdu'd he slumbers in the grave—
The soul's last refuge from terrene distress.

IV

Around his tomb, the sweetest grass shall spring;
And annual flowers shall ever blossom here;

Here fairy forms their loveliest gifts shall bring,
And passing strangers shed the pitying tear.

Amer. Museum, I–474, May 1787, Phila.

[Dr. Ladd, *Werter's Epitaph.*]

DESCENT OF ODIN. AN ODE.

New Haven Gaz. and Conn. Mag., III–No. 21, May 29, 1788, New Haven.

[Thomas Gray, *Poems.*
Publ. by Dodsley—London, July 1768.
Publ. by Foulis—Glasgow, Sept. 1768.
Both editions contain the *Descent of Odin.* "The poem was written at Cambridge in 1761. It is a paraphrase of the ancient Icelandic lay called *Vegtams Kvida,* and sometimes *Baldrs draumar.* The original is to be found in Bartholinus, *de causis contemnendæ mortis;* Hafniæ, 1689, quarto. Gray has omitted to translate the first four lines." Cf. *Works of Thomas Gray,* ed. by Edmund Gosse. N. Y., 1885. I–60.]

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF THE LONG ISLAND DUTCH.

Still on those plains their num'rous race survive,
And, born to labour, still are found to thrive;
Through rain and sunshine, toiling for their heirs,
They hold no nation on this earth like theirs.
Where'er they fix, all nature smiles around—
Groves bend with fruit, and plenty clothes the ground;
No barren trees to shade their domes, are seen;
Trees must be fertile, and their dwellings clean;
No idle fancy dares its whims apply,
Or hope attention from the master's eye.
All tends to something that must pelf produce,
All for some end, and ev'ry thing its use.
Eternal scow'rings keep their floors afloat,
Neat as the outside of the Sunday coat.

The wheel, the loom, the female band employ,—
These all their pleasure, these their darling joy.
The strong-ribb'd lass no idle passions move,
No nice ideas of romantic love;
He to her heart the readiest path can find,
Who comes with gold, and courts her to be kind.
She heeds not valour, learning, wit, or birth,
Minds not the swain—but asks him, what he's worth?
No female fears in her firm breast prevail,
The helm she governs, and she trims the sail;
In some small barque the way to market finds,
Hauls aft the sheet, or veers it to the winds:
While, lac'd ahead, subservient to her will,
Hans smokes his pipe, and wonders at her skill.
Health to their toils—thus may they still go on—
Curse on my pen! what virtues have I drawn!
Is this the gen'ral taste? No—truth replies—
If fond of beauty, guiltless of disguise,
See (where the social circle meant to grace)
The handsome Yorker shades her lovely face;
She, early led to happier talks at home,
Prefers the labours that her sex become;
Remote from view, directs some fav'rite art,
And leaves to hardier man the ruder part.

Amer. Museum, VII, Jan.–June 1790, Appendix 1–42, Phila.

ON READING THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

Mistaken youth! thy love, to frenzy wrought,
Spurn'd calm reflection and each sober thought.
A little time had shewn e'en Charlotte's charms
Had shrunk and faded in a Werter's arms:
For guilt and meanness ne'er could dwell with thee;
And virtuous friendship soon had set thee free.
But hadst thou triumph'd o'er the fair one's fall,
Thou then, as now, hadst met the fatal ball;
Still keener anguish had attack'd thy mind

Than e'en now dying thy stung soul did find.
None dare say Mercy wont extend its aid;
But who of that would not have been afraid,
If with a kiss thou Charlotte hadst betray'd.
—Laura.

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag., V–269, Oct. 1790, Phila.

WERTER'S EPITAPH

By the late Dr. Ladd.

Mass. Mag., III–114, Feb. 1791, Boston.

[Also in *Amer. Museum*, I–474, May 1787, Phila.]

ELLA. A TALE.

History says that Sivard, King of Sweden, entered Norway with a numerous army, and committed the greatest enormities; but was at last overthrown, his army routed, and himself slain by one of those women whom he had brutally abused.

Between Norwegian hills wide spreads a plain,
By nature form'd for sport;
The Vet'ran warrior here, and hardy swain,
To annual games resort.

High o'er their heads was hung the hoary brow,
Which cast an ample shade;
From thence these words majestic seem'd to flow—
"Fierce foes your sports invade!"

They upward gaze—a warrior struck their sight;
He bore aloft his lance,
All sheath'd in arms, unsufferably bright,
Where beamy splendors dance.

The western sun-beam round his helmit flies,
He more than man appears;

And more than mortal seem'd to sound the voice
That rang upon their ears.

"Ye sons of Norway! harken to my tale,
"Your rural games oh cease;
"Sivard is marching thro' Dulvellon's vale,
"Break off the sports of peace!

"The bloody Sivard leads his conqu'ring Swedes,
"He riots in our shame;
"The man, the matron, and the infant bleeds—
"Norway is but a name!

"The husband sees—curse on the tyrant's lust—
"He sees his beauteous bride—
"Her virtue, worth, and honor in the dust—
"Oh where is Norway's pride!

"Rouse! rouse Norwegians! take your arms amain,
"Let helms o'ershade each brow;
"Let's meet these Swedish dæmons in the plain,
"And lay their triumphs low.

"O had you seen what these poor eyes have seen!
"'Twas Sivard done the deed—
"Our hoary monarch, and our helpless queen,
I—yes, I saw them bleed.

"Their daughter Ella—no, I will not tell!
"Norwegians ne'er enquire—
"Ne'er hear it—what the royal maid befel;
"I see your souls on fire.

"Oh seize your swords, your spears, helms, and shields!
"Oh vindicate your fame!
"Sivard and Sweden glare on Norway's fields;
"Remember Norway's name."

He said—tears flow apace, fierce glow the swains,
Rage fills each honest breast;
In Swedish blood to wipe away their stains,
Was ev'ry thought address'd.

Then red-hair'd Rollo, fierce advancing cri'd,—
"Who'er thou art, come down,
"We live on hills, to ev'ry toil we're tri'd,
"And war is all our own.

"Let Sivard come, we'll meet the tyrant here:
"But stranger come thou down."
He came—Old Athold gaz'd with look severe;—
He gaz'd—but ceas'd to frown.

"Or Athold has forgot his monarch's face,
"Or sure thou art his son!
"Eric, of mighty Norway's royal race!"—
Full quick the tidings run.

With shouts they press to see the beauteous chief;
The aged kiss his hand:
On either side, fast roll'd the marks of grief,
Then Athold spoke the band—

"Ye sons of Norway, to your homes repair,
"There seize the sword and shield,
"And ere the morning's purple streaks the air,
"Meet Eric in the field.

"Oh prince! do you with aged Athold go,
"And take refreshing sleep;
"Athold will sing and soothe the rising woe,
"Or break his harp and weep!"

'Twas night—in Athold's hall each took his place;
Of other times he sung;
Fast stream'd the tears adown the hero's face,
And groans responsive rung.

Bright came the morn; and bright in batter'd arms,
The rustic vet'rans came:
And many a youth, untri'd in rough alarms,
Now hop'd a patriot's name.

They heard from far the hum of Sivard's host;
Young Eric struck his shield;

Then high in air his heavy spear he tost,
And blaz'd along the field.

Next aged Athold follow'd; Rollo strong;
Black Calmar lifts his mace;
Culullin, Marco, Streno, rush along,
And all the rugged race.

Fierce came the Swede;—in strength of numbers proud;
He scorn'd his feeble foe;
But soon the voice of battle roar'd aloud,
And many a Swede lay low.

Strong Rollo struck the tow'ring Olaus dead,
Full fifteen bleed beside:
Old Athold cleft the brave Adolphus head,
In all his youthful pride.

But Eric! Eric! rang'd the field around,
On Sivard still he cri'd;
The gasping Swedes lay heap'd upon the ground—
Sivard! the hills repli'd.

In fury Sivard seiz'd his shining shield,
His mail, his helm, and spear;
He mounts his car, and thunders o'er the field;
Now Norway knows no fear.

Great Rollo falls beneath his dreadful arm,
His steeds are stain'd with blood;
Young Eric smil'd to hear the loud alarm,
And flew to stop the flood.

He rag'd, he foam'd—fierce flew the thirsty spear,
Down fell the foremost steed:
Astonish'd Sivard felt unusual fear,
"Tyrant thou'rt doom'd to bleed!"

Up sprang the youth—deep fell the sword,
Sunk in the tyrant's brow:
Fast fly the Swedes, and leave their hated lord,
His mighty pride laid low.

Now Norway's sons their great deliv'rer hail,
But lo! he bleeds! he falls!
Old Athold strips the helm and beamy mail,
And on his Gods he calls.

He lifts the helm, and down the snowy neck
Fast falls the silky hair—
And could those limbs, the conq'ring Sivard check!
Oh pow'r of great despair!

Life ebbs apace—she lifts her languid head,
She strives her hand to wave;
Confess to all, the beauteous Ella said—
"Thanks, thanks companions brave:

"Freedom rewards you—naught can Ella give,
"Low, low poor Ella lies;
"Sivard is dead! and Ella wou'd not live."
She bleeds—she faints—she dies!

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., II–235, Apr. 1791, N. Y.

PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

Where cliffs arise by Winter crown'd,
And through dark groves of pine around,
Down the deep chasms, the snowed torrents foam,
Within some hollow, shelter'd from the storms,
The PEASANT of the ALPS his cottage forms,
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain,
Waves its wide harvests and its olive groves;
More dear to him his hut, with plantain thatch'd,
Where long his unambitious heart attach'd,
Finds all he wishes, all he loves.

There dwells the mistress of his heart,
And *Love* who teaches ev'ry art,

Has bid him dress the spot with fondest care;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile soil,
He climbs the precipice with patient toil,
To plant her fav'rite flow'rets there.

With native shrubs, a hardy race,
There the green myrtle finds a place,
And roses there, the dewy leaves decline;
While from the crags' abrupt and tangled steeps,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine berry peeps,
And, blushing, mingles with the vine.

His garden's simple produce stor'd,
Prepared for him by hands ador'd
Is all the little luxury he knows:
And by the same dear hands are softly spread,
The Chamois' velvet spoil that forms the bed,
Where in her arms he finds repose.

But absent from the calm abode
Dark thunder gathers round his road,
Wild raves the wind, the arrowy light'nings flash,
Returning quick the murmuring rocks among,
His faint heart trembling as he winds along;
Alarm'd he listens to the crash.

Of rifted ice!—Oh, man of woe!
O'er his dear cot—a mass of snow,
By the storm sever'd from the cliff above,
Has fall'n—and buried in its marble breast,
All that for him—lost wretch—the world possest,
His home, his happines, his love!

Aghast the heartstruck mourner stands!
Glaz'd are his eyes—convuls'd his hands,
O'erwhelming anguish checks his labouring breath;
Crush'd by Despair's intolerable weight,
Frantic he seeks the mountain's giddiest height,
And headlong seeks relief in death.

A fate too similar is mine,
But I—in ling'ring pain repine,
And still my last felicity deplore;
Cold, cold to me is that dear breast become,
Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home,
And love and happiness are mine no more.

N. Y. Mag., or Lit. Repos., III–443, July 1792, N. Y.

ELLA. A TALE.

Lady's Mag. and Repos., I–97, Jan. 1793, Phila.

[Also in *N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos.*, II–235, Apr. 1791, N. Y.]

A GENERAL VIEW OF SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS, WITH AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

. . . . . .

But to return to our Alps. Here, savage rocks of an inaccessible height; there, torrents bursting, as it were, from the clouds, and rolling down the rugged precipices:

The gay train,
Of fog, thick roll'd into romantic shape,

may, perhaps, excite your wonder, but not exceed the compass of your imagination. But how shall I convey to you an idea of the ever-varying and accidental beauties of this majestic scenery! Sometimes the vapour-winged tempest, flitting along some lonely vale, embrowns it with a solemn shade, whilst every thing around glitters in the fullness of meridian splendour. On a sudden, all is dark and gloomy; the thunder rolls from rock to rock, till echo seems tired with the dreadful repetition: add to this, the gradual approach of the evening, the last gleam of sunshine fading on the mountain-brow, the lingering twilight still warding off the veil of night, till the rising moon just continues, in vision, a glimmering of its faded glories:

Now all's at rest—and ere the wearied swain
Rise to his labour on the upland lawn,
Shall not the muse from nature catch a strain,
To wake, and greet him at the morning dawn?

Oh! let her tell him that the feeling heart,
Oft to the mountain side by memory led,
Shall seek those blessings wealth can ne'er impart,
And wish to share the quiet of his shed:

Where ev'ry sordid passion lull'd to rest,
Man knows each gift of nature how to prize:
Flies from the storm unto his fair one's breast,
And there reposing waits serener skies.

Say, ye proud sons of fortune and of power,
Can aught the joys you feel, with these compare?
Can the full triumph of ambition's hour,
When tempests threaten, sooth your anxious care?

Or shall the tenant of yon lonely cot,
That smiles with pity on your pageant state,
Pleas'd with his poor but independent lot,
Expose the wretchedness of being great?

Unknown to you, the houseless child of woe,
The friendless pilgrim, or the hungry poor;
Unleft the good ye carelessly bestow,
The hand that feeds them, drives them from your door.

Here cruel charity no off'ring makes,
That whilst it aids, insults the big distress,
The heart that welcomes, ev'ry grief partakes,
And only pities where it can't redress.

Such are the scenes, my dear Lord, such the hospitality I am now going to quit. I know not why I wished to jingle their virtues into rhyme, unless it was, that my prose began to run upon stilts, or that I mistook a momentary enthusiasm for a poetical inspiration. In fact, every thought and conception is so far raised above the common train of ideas, that the error is excusable, especially too when the imaginary poet sets out with

Sublimi seriens sidera vertice.

. . . . . .

Adieu,

Ever your's.

Lady's Mag. and Repos., I–253, May 1793, Phila.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

Weekly Museum, VII, Mar. 14, 1795, N. Y.

[Also in *Boston Mag.,* III–81, Feb. 1786, Boston.]

A DUTCH PROVERB.

Phila. Minerva, I, May 16, 1795, Phila.

[Also in *Boston Mag.,* III–81, Feb. 1786, Boston.]

VERSES BY THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Rural Mag. or Vt. Repos., I–494, Oct. 1795, Rutland.

[Same as *The Relaxation of War* in *Amer. Mag. or Mo. Chron.,* I–440, June 1758, Phila.]

For the Weekly Museum.

THE GOTHIC CASTLE.

"The Days of Chivalry are gone."
Burke's Letter on the French Revolution.

See! now the landscape fades away,
As westward flies the orb of day:
See the solemn night appear,
With silence her sedate compeer.

Hark! the surgy shore resounds,
As from the rocks the wave rebounds:
Rocks, on whose o'er-hanging brows,
The ragged surf-fed samphire grows.

Lo! the beacon's distant rays
O'er the waste of water plays,
Friendly to the port-bound bark,
On his watch, the seaman's mark.

Mark! yon dreary Gothic pile,
—Where murder oft did glut and smile,—
Dungeons dire of vanquish'd hosts,
—Hark! the screams of wandering ghosts!—

Now a double gloom is spread
O'er each turret's murky head,
While from th' Owlet's dismal cry
Intruding joys affrighted fly.

Ye vengeful walls for ruin built!
Scenes accurs'd of hell-born guilt!
Direful were your fierce alarms—
Hist! the sentry calls—"To arms!"

How many barons here were slain,
In coats of armour lock'd in vain!—
How many feudal vassals dy'd,
Ebbing here life's crimson tide!

What secret woes lay close immur'd!
What anguish wretches erst endur'd!
When in your sable cells confin'd
Oppression's chosen victims pin'd.

How sullen stands yon rugged tow'r!
Seems it not on the cot to low'r?
As it looks, with proud disdain,
O'er the wide-extended plain.

Here the feudal times I trace;
The lordling's power—the poor's disgrace—
Here while it moulders, all may see
"A Monument of Chivalry."

Aug. 13, 1796. ORLANDO.

Weekly Museum, IX, Aug. 13, 1796, N. Y.

PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

Phila. Minerva, III, Aug. 19, 1797, Phila.

[Also in *N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos.,* III–443, July 1792, N. Y.]

BY THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Rural Mag., I, July 21, 1798, Newark.

[Same as *The Relaxation of War* in *Amer. Mag. or Mo. Chron.,* I–440, June 1758, Phila.]

THE WATER-KING.

A Danish Ballad. By the Author of Alonzo the Brave.

[The poem follows.]

Since writing these stanzas, I have met with two old Scotch ballads which have some resemblance with "The Water King"; one is called "May Colvin," and relates the story of a king's daughter who was beguiled from her father's house by a false Sir John; the other, intitled "Clerk Colvil," treats of a young man who fell into the snares of a false mermaid; the latter, indeed, bears a still stranger resemblance to the Danish tradition of "The Erl-King's Daughter." The fragment of "The Water King" may be found in "Herder's Volkslieder."

Many inquiries have been made respecting the elementary monarchs mentioned a few pages back; I must inform my readers that all I know respecting the Water King (called in the German translation "Der Wasser-Mann") and the Erl-King (called in German Erlkönig) is gathered from the foregoing ballad and two others which I shall here insert. With respect to the Fire King and the Cloud King, they are entirely of my own creation; but if my readers choose to ascribe their birth to the "Comte de Gabalis," they are very welcome.

Weekly Mag., III–92, Aug. 18, 1798, Phila.

[J. G. Herder, *Der Wassermann* in the Fourth Book (*Nordische Lieder*) of *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern.* Trans. from the German.

M. G. Lewis, *The Monk* and *Tales of Wonder.* Cf. note to *The Erl-King* in *Weekly Mag.,* III–93, Aug. 18, 1798.]

WERTER'S FAREWELL TO CHARLOTTE.

"Sunt lacrimae rerum; et mentem mortalia tangunt."
Virg. Ae. I–466.

The conflict's o'er—ah! lovely maid, adieu!
Before these sad, these parting lines, you view;
Before the fields with early dawn shall bloom,
Your Werter rests beneath the silent tomb:
No more to view the beauties of the day,
No more to listen to thy heavenly lay,
To sit, in transport, and to hear thee talk,
Or with thee wander, in an ev'ning walk,
Along the margin of the winding flood,
Thro' the green fields, or in the shady wood.
O! Charlotte! when you see the floods arise,
And wintry storms descending from the skies,
The watry gloom that fills the plain below,
And all around one dreary waste of snow;
Will you not then, a sigh in sorrow heave,
For the lost pleasures of a summer's eve,
Recall the time when you so oft have seen
Thy hapless lover on the verdant green,
Or thro' the vale approaching from the grove,
To view thy charms and pine in hopeless love,
Gaze on thy angel form, for without she,
The world appear'd a boundless blank to me.
As when to seamen, from the midnight skies
The moon's bright beams in brilliant glory rise,
To guide them wand'ring thro' the wat'ry plain,
Or land them on their native shores again;
Thus, Charlotte, I no other joy could see,
Than pass the vacant day, and gaze on thee,
Live in thy joys, or in thy sorrows die,
"And drink delicious poison from thine eye,"
As the lost insect round the taper flies,
And courts the fatal flame by which it dies.
But, Charlotte, now those fleeting joys are fled,
And Werter sinks among the silent dead
From the bright hopes of life forever gone,
His mem'ry lost, and e'en his name unknown,

The time shall come, when in the vacant mind,
The fondest friend no trace of me shall find;
When e'en my kindred my sad fate shall hear,
And view my mould'ring grave without a tear,
Think on the light impressions of the mind,
Which flee as midnight dreams, and leave no trace behind.
This eve I wander'd thro' each beauteous scene,
Each fertile valley, and each level green,
Pensive and sad I view'd the foaming flood;
And the wild winds disturb the silent wood.
Beheld the sun's great orb, in glory bright,
Descend behind the western surge in night;
While on the hill to see its beams, I stood,
And view'd it sinking in the briny flood,
I felt my heart with double sorrows prest,
And life's last hope desert my throbbing breast;
The world's vast scene forever clos'd from sight,
And all involv'd in one eternal night.
Ah! shall I ne'er again thy image know,
In these sad realms of misery and woe,
Or is there yet a place in heaven design'd,
For hapless mortals by th' eternal mind,
Some winding valley, or some shady grove,
Some blissful mansions in the realms above,
Where Charlotte's shade and mine may one day meet,
Our suff'rings ended and our bliss complete,
In the bright regions of eternal light,
Where all is perfect joy and pure delight.
When in the summer's eve you chance to stray
Thro' the low vale, or on the broad highway,
Or in the churchyard, thro' the shady trees,
You hear the whistling of the midnight breeze,
Wave high the grass, in solitary gloom,
Around the heap that shews thy lover's tomb—
Ah, then will you not one sad thought bestow,
On him who could no greater blessing know
Than pass the hour with fleeting joys with thee,
Gaze on thy charms and watch thy wand'ring eye,
Observe the beauteous image of thy mind,

Disclose a soul for heaven alone design'd,
Or view thy distant form amidst the trees,
And thy white tresses floating in the breeze;
Or see thy fingers strike, with tender lays,
Such notes as bards in heaven alone can raise;
Such notes as Orpheus' self might lean to hear,
And force from Pluto's soul the melting tear.
Yes, Charlotte's self, my sad remains shall see,
And Charlotte's tender heart will heave a sigh for me.

Dessert to the True American, I–No. 20, Nov. 24, 1798, [Phila.].

The following burlesque on the style, in which most of the German romantic ballads are written, is replete with wit and humour; and we trust will prove amusing even to the greatest admirers of that style of writing. It is only necessary to premise that Lord Hoppergallop has left his servant maid at his country mansion, where she has fallen with the gardener.

Cold blows the blast:—the night's obscure:
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack:
The sun had sunk:—and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat,
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas, gard'ner could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,
But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
He comes not, from the garden, in;
Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee!
Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
And what's impossible, can't be;
And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door;—the hings creak,—
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threshold of the hall,
She "Thomas" cried, with many a sob;
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a gard'ners corpse, 'tis said
In answers can but ill succeed;
And, dogs that hear when they are dead
Are very cunning dogs, indeed!

Back through the hall she bent her way,
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray—
Though a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole,
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death watch tick'd;
A certain sign that fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd;
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
Her shadow did the maid appal;—
She trembled at her lovely nose—
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She clim'd lord Hoppergallop's stair;—
Three stories high, long, dull and old—
As great lords' stories often are.

All Nature now appear'd to pause;
And "o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"
No "curtain'd sleep" had she;—because
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay;—with iron din,
The clock struck twelve; the door flew wide;
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size;
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks,
Red, red as beet root, were his eyes;
And, pale, as turnips, were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear struck damsel faintly said,
"What would my Thomas?—he replied,
"O! Molly Dumpling! I am dead."

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
I was not ill—but in the well
I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're friends;—this is not he and I;
We are not here—for we are there.

"Yes;—two foul water fiends are we;
Maid of the moor! attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!
The little fiend cur said "bow wow!"

"To wind her in her cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes;
A sheet of water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes."

The fiends approach; the maid did shrink;
Swift through the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

Dessert to the True American, I–No. 27, Jan. 12, 1799, Phila.

[The author evidently had Bürger's *Lenore* in mind when writing the above.]

[Burlesque on the Style, in which most of the German romantic Ballads are written.]

Phil. Repos., I–328, Aug. 22, 1801, Phila.

[Also in *Dessert to the True American,* I–No. 27, Jan. 12, 1799, Phila.]

For the Port Folio.

An Author's Evenings.

From the shop of Messrs. Colon and Spondee.

Among the newest and most delightful miscellanies, lately received from England, may be ranked a poetical work, entitled *"Tales of Terror."* This is partly intended as a burlesque of the various ballads in Lewis's celebrated romance, *"The Monk."* We well remember, that this member of the British parliament has amused himself, and alarmed his readers, by resorting to the cells of Gothic superstition, and invoking all the forms of German horror, to appal every timid heart. Hence, we have been haunted by ghosts of all complexions; and *"Cloud Kings,"* and *"Water Kings,"* and *"Fire Kings,"* have been crowned by this poetical magician, to rule with despotism in the realms of Fancy. A lively satirist, endowed with the gifts of Genius, easy in versification, pleasant in his humour, and inimitably successful in parody, has, in some of his *"Tales of Terror"* undertaken to mock the doleful tones of Mr. Lewis's muse, or shall we rather say the hoarse caw of the German raven. The midnight hour has been beguiled, by transcribing the following sarcasm, founded on a well-known nursery story, and our readers will thank us for sitting up so late for their amusement.

THE WOLF KING;

OR

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

An Old Woman's Tale.

Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.....*Persius.*

Translated from the Danish of the author of the Water King, etc., and respectfully inscribed to M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P., as an humble attempt to imitate his excellent version of that celebrated ballad.

The birds they sung, the morning smil'd
The mother kiss'd her darling child,
And said . . . "My dear, take custards three,
And carry to your grandmummie."

The pretty maid had on her head
A little riding hood of red,
And as she pass'd the lonely wood,
They call'd her small red riding hood.

Her basket on her arm she hung,
And as she went thus artless sung:
"A lady lived beneath a hill,
Who if not gone, resides their still."

The wolf king saw her pass along,
He ey'd her custards heard her song,
And cried "That child and custards three
This evening shall my supper be!"

Now swift the maid pursu'd her way,
And heedless trill'd her plaintive lay;
Nor had she pass'd the murky wood,
When lo! the wolf king near her stood.

"Oh! stop my pretty child so gay!
Oh! whither do you bend your way?"
"My little self and custards three
Are going to my grandmummie."

"While you by yonder mountain go,
On which the azure blue bells grow,
I'll take this road; then haste thee, dear,
Or I before you will be there.

"And when our racing shall be done,
A kiss you forfeit, if I've won;
Your prize shall be, if first you come,
Some barley sugar and a plumb."

"Oh! thank you, good sir Wolf," said she,
And dropt a pretty courtesie:
The little maid then onward hied,
And sought the blue bell mountain side.

The wolf sped on o'er marsh and moor,
And faintly tapp'd at granny's door:
"Oh! let me in, grandmummy good,
For I am small red riding hood."

"The bobbin pull (the grandam cried),
The door will then fly open wide."
The crafty wolf the bobbin drew,
And straight the door wide open flew.

He pac'd the bed room eight times four,
And utter'd thrice a hideous roar;
He pac'd the bed room nine times three,
And then devour'd poor grandmummie.

He dash'd her brains out on the stones,
He gnaw'd her sinews, crack'd her bones;
He munch'd her heart, he quaff'd her gore,
And up her lights and liver tore.* !!!!

* This stanza is borrowed from an affecting and sanguinary description in a German ballad by Professor Von Spluttbach, called Skulth den Balch, or Sour Mthltz; in English, as far as a translation can convey an idea of the horror of the original, "The Bloody Banquet, or the Gulph of Ghosts!!!" a very terrible and meritorious production.

Grandmummy's bed he straight got in,
Her night-cap tied beneath his chin;
And, waiting for his destin'd prey,
All snug between the sheets he lay.

Now at the door a voice heard he,
Which cried . . . "I've brought you custards three;
Oh! let me in, grandmummy good,
For I am small red riding hood."

"The bobbin pull (the wolf king cried),
The door will then fly open wide."
The little dear the bobbin drew,
And straight the door wide open flew.*

She plac'd the custards on the floor,
And sigh'd . . . "I wish I'd brought you *four*.†
I'm very tir'd, dear grandmummie;
Oh! may I come to bed to thee?"

"Oh come! (the wolf king softly cried),
And lie, my sweet one, by my side:"
Ah! little thought the child so gay
The cruel wolf king near her lay!

"Oh! tell me, tell me, granny dear,
Why does your *voice* so gruff appear?"
"Oh! hush, sweetheart (the wolf king said),
I've got a small cold in my head!"

"Oh! tell me, grandmummie so kind,
Why you've a *tail* grows out *behind?*"
"Oh! hush thee, hush thee, pretty dear,
My pincushion I hang on there!"

* Repetition is the soul of ballad writing.

† The reader will do my heroine the justice to remember that she set out with only *three*, consequently her wish that another had been added, arose from a motive purely affectionate and characteristic. This benevolent trait, ingeniously insinuated, excites the interest of the reader for her, and adds horror to the catastrophe.

"Why do your *eyes* so glare on me?"
"They are your pretty face to see."
"Why do your *ears* so long appear?"
"They are your pretty voice to hear."

"Oh! tell me, granny, why to-night
Your teeth appear so long and white?"*
Then, growling, cried the wolf so grim,
"They are to tear you limb from limb!"

His hungry teeth the wolf king gnash'd,
His sparkling eyes with fury flash'd,
He op'd his jaws all sprent with blood,
And fell on small red riding hood.

He tore her bowels out one and two,
"Little maid, I will eat you!"
But when he tore out three and four,
The little maid she was no more!

Take warning hence, ye children fair;
Of wolves' insidious arts beware;
And, as you pass each lonely wood,
Ah! think of small red riding hood!

With custards sent, nor loiter slow,
Nor gather blue bells as you go;
Get not to bed with grandmummie,
Lest she a ravenous wolf should be!

Port Folio, II–173, June 5, 1802, Phila.

* Our heroine is here lost in *double* astonishment; not only the ***length,*** but the ***whiteness*** of her grandmother's teeth excites her wonder and suspicion.

The following piece of singular and original composition was found amongst the papers of an old Dutchman, in Albany. The manuscript has suffered considerably from the tooth of time, and from several marks of antiquity about it, it may be safely inferred, that a century at least has elapsed since it was written. It is hardly necessary to inform the judicious reader, that this piece is no other than a billet doux, or love epistle, sent by some Dutch swain in the country, to the girl of his heart, who, it seems, had gone to reside some time in the city of Albany.

HANS LETTER TO NOTCHIE.

Mine Cot, vat vose does Hans se feel,
Vile lufly Notchie is avay,
Vat is de matter, vat de deel,
Does make you zo vorever stay.

I sleep none in de day, nor nite,
Mit such impashuns I duz burn,
Zo, when de shell drake vings hur vlite,
Pore Frow she mornes vor his return.

Zo owls will hoot, und cats will mew,
Und dogs will howl; und storms will ney,
Und zhall not I more anguish sho,
Vile lufly Notchie is avay.

A shacket I has lately bot,
Und brokenbrooks zo zoft as zilk,
Stripd as your under petticote,
Und vite as any buttermilk.

Make hase, mine dere, und quikly cum,
Mine vaders goin to di, you zee,
Und Yacups cot his viddle home,
Und we shall haf a daring bee.

I feres zum Yanky vull uv art,
More cunnin, as de ferry dele,
Vill git away yorn little hart,
Zo as da will our horshes stele.

If any wun yore hart shool blunder,
Mine horshes Ill do vaggon yoke,
Und ghase him quickly by mine dunder,
I vly zo zwift as any zpoke.

Vhen yonk Vontoofen, my coot frend
Zhall cum to zee you vhare you be,
Dese skarlet carters I zhall zend,
O die dem on, und dink on me.

Port Folio, II–176, June 5, 1802, Phila.

["se feel" (stanza I). "se" is no Dutch word and the verb "feel" (voelen) is not reflexive in Dutch. In stanzas III and VI "mill" appears in the place of "will." This is most likely a misprint, since "*w* in Dutch is a particularly tenacious sound" and is not replaced by *m,* as is sometimes the case in German. "Brokenbrooks" is a coined word.

The author is indebted for the above information to Professor Wm. H. Carpenter, of Columbia University, and to Arnold Katz, the Dutch vice-consul at Philadelphia.]

HRIM THOR, OR THE WINTER KING.

A Lapland Ballad.

I shall not soon tire of copying ballads from the "Tales of Terror." They are the legitimate offspring of genius. We are conducted by a versatile guide, sometimes into the vale of tears, and sometimes into the hall of mirth. But let him lead us where he will, we cheerfully follow and always find ourselves with a sensible and tuneful companion. I am half inclined to suspect that Mr. Lewis himself is the concealed author. We know how he brilliantly travestied his own ballad, Alonzo the Brave, and it is probable that in this collection he is alter et idem.

[The poem follows.]

Port Folio, II–195, June 26, 1802, Phila.
[M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Terror,* 1799, Kelso. Cf. p. 18.]

GRIM, KING OF THE GHOSTS,

OR THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Port Folio, II–199, June 26, 1802, Phila.

[M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Terror.* Cf. p. 18.]

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED ONLY SON.

Translated from a Danish Inscription.

By T. Campbell, Esq.

Port Folio, II–352, Nov. 1802, Phila.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

IN AUTUMN, 1801.

Hail, deadly Autumn, and thy fading leaf,
I love thee, drear and gloomy as thou art;
Not joyful Spring, like thee can soften grief,
Nor gaudy Summer soothe the aching heart;
But in thy cheerless, solitary bower,
Beneath the varied shade, I love to lie,
When dusky Evening's melancholy hour
With boding clouds obscures the low'ring sky,
And tuneless birds and fading flowers appear
In grief to hang their heads, and mourn the parting year.

'Tis not the gloomy sky, the parting year,
'Tis not the Winter's dreary reign I mourn,
But absent friends—and *one* than life more dear,
And joys departed, never to return!
O gentle Hope, that 'mid Siberia's snows,
Can cheer the wretched exile's lingering year,
And where the sun on curs'd Oppression glows,
Can check the sigh, and wipe the falling tear,
Thy gentle care—thy succour I implore;
O raise thy heavenly voice, and bid me weep no more.

Thou hears't my prayer—I feel thy holy flame—
And future joys in bright succession rise,
And mutual love and friendship—sacred name!
And home and all the blessings that I prize.
Thou, Memory, lendst thy aid, and to my view
Each friend I love, and every scene most dear,

In forms more bright than ever painter drew,
Fresh from thy pencil's magic tint appear.
Roll on, ye lingering hours, that lie between,
Till Truth shall realize, and Virtue bless, the scene.
—R.

N. E. Quarterly Mag., No. III–271, Oct.–Dec. 1802, Boston.

ALBERT OF WERDENDORFF.

OR, THE MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

A German Romance.

Nocturnus occurram furor. Hor.

Port Folio, IV–334, Oct. 20, 1804, Phila.

[M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Terror*, 1799, Kelso.]

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HANDEL.

In the midst of the performance of his Lent Oratorio, (1759) of the Messiah, nature exhausted, he dropt his head upon the keys of the organ he was playing upon, and with difficulty raised up again. He recovered his spirits, and went on with the performance until the whole was finished. He was carried home, and died.

To melt the soul, to captivate the ear,
(Angels such melody might deign to hear,)
To anticipate on earth the joys of heav'n,
'Twas Handel's task: to him that pow'r was giv'n.

Ah, when he late attuned Messiah's praise,
With sound celestial, with melodious lays:
A last farewell, his languid looks express'd,
And thus, methinks, th' enraptur'd crowd addrest.

" Adieu, my dearest friend, and also you,
" Joint sons of sacred harmony, adieu!
" Apollo whispering, prompts me to retire,
" And bids me join the bright seraphic choir:

"Oh! for Elijah's car!" great Handel cry'd:
Messiah heard his voice, and Handel died.

Boston Weekly Mag., II–208, Oct. 20, 1804, Boston.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY, ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY, BY W. WORDSWORTH.

Port Folio, IV–342, Oct. 27, 1804, Phila.

[William Wordsworth, *idem.*
"The Reader must be apprised, that the stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick arms."]

A HUMBLE IMITATION OF SOME STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY W. WORDSWORTH, IN GERMANY, ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

'A fig for your languages, German and Norse,
Let me have the song of the *kettle*
And the *tongs* and the *poker*.'—W. W.

[The poem, which contains no references to Germany, follows.]

Port Folio, IV–342, Oct. 27, 1804, Phila.

AGAINST FAUSTUS.

In scorn of writers, Faustus still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath been said of old;
Well, Faustus, say my wits are gross and dull,
If for that word I give thee not a Gull:
Thus then I prove thou holdst a false position;
I say thou art a man of fair condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high descent and left good store of lands;

Thou with false dice and cards hast never play'd,
Corrupted never widow, wife or maid,
And, as for swearing, none in all this realm,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your virtues are so rare and ample,
For all our Song thou mayst be made a sample.
This, I dare swear, *none ever said before,*
This, I may swear, *none ever will say more.*

Port Folio, IV–383, Dec. 1, 1804, Phila.

The Celebrated Swiss Air,

RANZ DES VACHES.

"This air, so dear to the Swiss," says Rousseau, "was forbidden by the French government to be played among the Swiss soldiers, employed in the service of France, under pain of death; because it excited such a fond remembrance of the scenes they had witnessed in their own native country, and such a strong desire of seeing them again, that it caused them to shed tears, to desert, or, if they despaired of this, to commit suicide."

Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour?
Nos claires ruisseaux,
Nos couteaux [*sic*],
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornament de nos campagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau?
A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?

Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,
Tous les objects de mon amour?
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère
Ma soeur,
Mes agneaux

Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère?
Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,
Tous les objet de mon amour?

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

When shall I behold again, in one day, all the pleasing objects of my affection?—our clear streams, our cottages [*sic*], our hamlets, our mountains, and the ornament of our fields, the gentle Isabelle? —Under the shade of a spreading elm, when shall I dance again to the sound of the tabor?

When shall I behold again, in one day, all pleasing objects of my love?—my father, mother, brothers, sisters, my lambs, my flocks, and my faithful shepherdess?—When shall I behold again, in one day, all the pleasing objects of my affection?

Boston, Jan. 30, 1805.

Boston Weekly Mag., III–60, Feb. 2, 1805, Boston.

For the Port Folio.

THE SCANDINAVIAN HERO.

SKOGUL.

From midst the dusty fields of war
To realms beyond the northern star,
To loud Valhalla's echoing halls,
I bear the hero ere he falls;
The valiant dwell in those abodes,
And sit amid carousing gods;
Not goblets rich, nor flasks of gold,
But skulls of mantling mead they hold;
The coward while he gasps for breath,
Sinks darkling to Hela beneath.

HAROLD.

O be it mine, from conflict borne,
To reach the realms of endless morn;

At Odin's board my lips I'll lave
In the foam'd bev'rage of the brave.

ODIN.

Who breaks the dusty fields of war,
Death travels by his clattering car;
Perch'd on the whirlwind's thund'ring tower,
On comes the sable tempest's power;
Ye warriors rise, ye chiefs give room,
A godlike guest in youthful bloom,
Harold from fields of battle see,
Begin th' immortal revelry.

S.

Port Folio, V–120, Apr. 20, 1805, Phila.

WERTER'S EPITAPH.

Phila. Repos., V–164, May 25, 1805, Phila.

[Also in *Amer. Museum,* I–474, May 1787, Phila.]

PRAYER OF FREDERICK II

IN BEHALF OF POETS.

Ye Gods! from whom each favour'd bard
Receives those talents verse requires,
O teach them truth! for sure 'tis hard
They should be all such wicked liars.

Boston Mag., I–12, Nov. 9, 1805, Boston.

A SKETCH OF THE ALPS, AT DAYBREAK.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

Evening Fireside, II–74, Feb. 8, 1806, Phila.

In the following exquisite Parody, the sentiments are not less admirable than the talents of the author. We have often expressed our contempt for German plays, and we are happy to fortify our opinion of the Teutonic Muse, with the wit of a man of genius, and a polite scholar.

ODE TO THE GERMAN DRAMA,

By Mr. Seward.

A Parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity.

Daughter of night, chaotic Queen!
Thou fruitful source of modern lays,
Whose turbid plot, and tedious scene,
The monarch spurn, the robber raise.
Bound in thy necromantic spell
The audience taste the joys of hell,
And Briton's sons indignant grown
With pangs unfelt before, at crimes before unknown.

When first, to make the nation stare,
Folly her painted mask display'd,
Schiller sublimely mad was there,
And Kotz'bue lent his leaden aid.

Gigantic pair! their lofty soul
Disdaining reason's weak control,
On changeful Britain sped the blow,
Who, thoughtless of her own, embraced fictitious woe.

Aw'd by thy scowl tremendous, fly
  Fair Comedy's theatric brood,
Light satire, wit, and harmless joy,
  And leave us dungeons, chains and blood.
Swift they disperse, and with them go,
Mild Otway, sentimental Rowe;
Congreve averts the indignant eye,
And Shakespeare mourns to view the exotic prodigy.

Ruffians, in regal mantle dight,
  Maidens immers'd in thoughts profound,
Spectres, that haunt the shades of night,
  And spread a waste of ruin round.
These form thy never-varying theme,
While, buried in thy Stygian stream,
Religion mourns her wasted fires
And Hymen's sacred torch low hisses, and expires.

O mildly on the British stage,
  Great Anarch! spread thy sable wings;
Not fired with all the frantic rage,
  With which thou hurl'st thy darts at kings.
As thou in native garb art seen,
With scattered tresses, haggard mien,
Sepulchral chains and hideous cry
By despot arts immur'd in ghastly poverty.

In specious form, dread Queen! appear;
  Let falsehood fill the dreary waste;
Thy democratic rant be here,
  To fire the brain, corrupt the taste.
The fair, by vicious love misled,
Teach me to cherish and to wed,
To low-born arrogance to bend,
Establish'd order spurn, and call each outcast friend.

Port Folio, I–92, Feb. 15, 1806, Phila.

THE SWEDISH COTTAGE.

From Carr's Northern Summer.

Here, far from all the pomp ambition seeks,
Much sought, but only whilst untasted prais'd,
Content and Innocence, with rosy cheeks,
Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

On a gay rock it stands, whose fretted base
The distant cataract's murm'ring waters lave;
Whilst, o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,
The slender branches of the white birch wave.

Behind, the forest fir is heard to sigh,
On which the pensive ear delights to dwell;
And, as the gazing stranger passes by,
The grazing goat looks up and rings his bell.

Oh! in my native land, ere life's decline,
May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine!

Weekly Visitant, I–63, Feb. 22, 1806, Salem.

[Sir John Carr, *A Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic in 1804,* London, 1805.]

ODE TO DEATH.

By Frederick II, King of Prussia. Translated from the French by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Polyanthos, I–270, Mar. 1806, Boston.

[Also in *New Haven Gaz. and Conn. Mag.,* I–339, Dec. 7, 1786, New Haven.]

THE DANCING BEAR. A FABLE.

[Perhaps suggested by Gellert's fable of the same title, but differing much in content. Cf. *Port Folio,* I–400, Dec. 12, 1801, Phila., where a translation of Gellert's poem is given.]

Emerald, I–118, July 5, 1806, Boston.

The following song by M. G. Lewis Esq. is, as we are apprized by that gentleman, derived from the *French*, though the swain who figures in it appears to be a German. The thought is pretty and the measure flowing.

A wolf, while Julia slept, had made
Her favorite lamb his prize;
Young Casper flew to give his aid,
Who heard the trembler's cries.
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kiss for pay.
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been,
Had Casper staid away.

While grateful feelings warm'd her breast,
She own'd she loved the swain;
The youth eternal love professed,
And kiss'd and kiss'd again.
A fonder pair was never seen;
They lov'd the live long day:
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been
Had Casper staid away.

At length, the sun his beams withdrew,
And night inviting sleep,
Fond Julia rose and bade adieu,
Then homeward drove her sheep.
Alas! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For thus I heard her say;
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been,
Had Casper staid away.

Port Folio, II–94, Aug. 16, 1806, Phila.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND"

by James Montgomery, London, 1806.

Port Folio, II–369, 412, Dec. 20, 31, 1806, Phila.

[James Montgomery, *The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems,* London, 1806. The first American edition from the second London edition—N. Y., 1807.
Extracts from Parts VI and I respectively. Cf. Preface.]

RUNIC ODE.

THE HAUNTING OF HAVARDUR.

By C. Leftly, Esq.

Son of Angrym, warrior bold,
Stay thy travel o'er the wold;
Stop, Havardur, stop thy steed;
Thy death, thy bloody death's decreed.
She, Coronzon's lovely maid,
Whom thy wizard wiles betray'd,
Glides along the darken'd coast,
A frantic, pale, enshrouded ghost.
Where the fisher dries his net,
Rebel waves her body beat;
Seduc'd by thee, she toss'd her form
To the wild fury of the storm.
Know thou feeble child of dust,
Odin's brave, and Odin's just;
From the Golden Hall I come
To pronounce thy fatal doom;
Never shall thou pass the scull
Of rich metheglin deep and full:
Late I left the giant throng,
Yelling loud thy funeral song;
Imprecating deep and dread
Curses on thy guilty head.
Soon with Lok, thy tortur'd soul,

Must in boiling billows roll;
Till the God's eternal light
Bursts athwart thy gloom of night;
Till Surtur gallops from afar,
To burn this breathing world of war.
Bold to brave the spear of death,
Heroes hurry o'er the heath:
Hasten to the smoking feast—
Welcome every helmed guest,
Listen hymns of sweet renown,
Battles by thy fathers won;
Frame thy face in wreathed smiles,
Mirth the moodiest mind beguiles.—
Yet I hover always nigh,
Bid thee think,—and bid thee sigh;
Yet I goad thy rankling breast;—
Never, never, shalt thou rest.
What avails thy bossy shield?
What the guard thy gauntlets yield?
What the morion on thy brow?
Or the hauberk's rings below?
If to live in anguish fear,
Danger always threatening near:
Lift on high thy biting mace,
See him glaring in thy face;
Turn—yet meet him, madd'ning fly,
Curse thy coward soul, and die.
Not upon the field of fight
Hela seals thy lips in night;
A brother, of infernal brood,
Bathes him in thy heart's hot blood;
Twice two hundred vassals bend,
Hail him as their guardian friend;
Mock thee writhing with the wound,
Bid thee bite the dusty ground;
Leave thee suffering, scorn'd alone,
To die unpitied and unknown.
Be thy nacked carcase strew'd,
To give the famish'd eagles food;

Sea-mews screaming on the shore,
Dip their beaks, and drink thy gore.
Be thy fiend-fir'd spirit borne,
Wreck'd upon the fiery tide,
An age of agony abide.
But soft, the morning-bell beats one,
The glow-worm fades; and, see, the sun
Flashes his torch behind yon hill.
At night, when wearied nature's still,
And horror stalks along the plain,
Remember—we must meet again.

Port Folio, II–415, Dec. 31, 1806, Phila.

Burger's beautiful ballad,

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,
To horse! to horse! halloo! halloo!.

has given rise in England to a very humorous

PARODY.

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Earl Walter kicks the waiter's rump,
Down stairs! down stairs! halloo, halloo!
They sally forth, they wheel, they jump,
And fast the scampering watch pursue.

The jolly bucks from tavern freed,
Dash fearless on through thick and thin,
While answering alleys, as they speed,
Loudly re-echo to their din.

Saint Dunstan's arm, with massy stroke
The solemn midnight peal had rung,
And bawling out, " Past twelve o'clock,"
Loud, long and deep the watchman sung.

The clamorous Earl Walter guides,
Huzza, Huzza, my merry men,
When, puffing, holding both their sides,
Two strangers haste to join his train.

The right-hand stranger's locks were grey,
But who he was I cannot tell;
The left was debonnair and gay,
A dashing blood I know full well.

He wav'd his beaver hat on high,
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What joys can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match our midnight sports afford?"

" Methinks," the other said, " 'twere best
To leave, my friends, your frantick joys,
And for the balmy sweets of rest,
Exchange such rude discordant noise."

But still Earl Walter onward hies,
And dashing forward, on they go,
Huzza, huzza, each toper cries,
" Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

The jovial band Earl Walter guides,
Along the Fleet, up Ludgate-Hill,
And puffing, holding both their sides,
His boon companions follow still.

From yonder winding lane out springs
A phantom, white as snow,
And louder still Earl Walter sings,
" Hark forward, forward, hollo, ho!"

A quaker prim has crossed the way,
He sprawls their nimble feet below,
But what care they for *yea*-and-*nay*,
Still forward, forward, on they go.

See, at the corner of yon street,
A humble stall, with apples crown'd!

See, scatter'd by Earl Walter's feet,
The woman's apples rolling round.

"O Lord! have mercy on my stall,
Spare the hard earnings of the poor,
The helpless widow's little all,
The fruit of many a watchful hour."

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
The left still pointing to the prey,
The impatient Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou poor old wither'd witch,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loud he sung and wav'd his switch,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

So said, so done; one single bound
Clears the *green grocer's* humble stall;
While through the apples scatter'd round,
They hurry, hurry, one and all.

And now behold the tim'rous prey,
Beyond the reach of Comus' crew,
Still lightly trip along the way,
Unconscious who her steps pursue.

Again they wheel, their nimble feet
The devious way still quickly trace,
Down Ludgate-Hill, along the Fleet,
The unwearied Earl pursues the chase.

The watch now muster strong and dare
Dispute the empire of the field;
They wave their cudgels high in air,
"Now yield thee, noble Baron yield."

"Unmanner'd vagabonds! in vain
You strive to mar our nightly game;
Come on! come on! my merry men,
The raggamuffins we can tame."

In heaps the victims bite the dust,
  Down sinks Earl Walter on the ground,
Now run who can, and lie who must,
  For loud the *watchmen's rattles* sound.

Now to the justice borne along,
  In sullen majesty they go;
The place receives the motley throng,
  And echoes to their hollo ho!

All mild amid the rout profane,
  The *justice* solemn thus began:
" Forebear your knighthood thus to stain,
  Revere the dignity of man.

The meanest trull has rights to plead,
  Which wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on thy guilty head,
  Howe'er by titles dignified."

Cold drops of sweat in many a trill,
  Adown Earl Walter's temples fall,
And louder, louder, louder still,
  The surly watch for vengeance call.

The right-hand stranger anxious pleads;
  The clamours of the mob increase,
The *riot act* the justice reads,
  And binds the Earl to keep the peace.

The court broke up, they sally out,
  And raise a loud, a last huzza;
Then sneak'd away and hung his snout,
  Each disappointed dog of law.

Muttering full many a curse, and fast
  Homeward to slumber now they go;
Yet spite of all that now has passed,
  You'll hear next night their hollo ho!

This is the Earl, and this his train,
  That oft the awaken'd *Cockney* hears;

With rage he glows in every vein
When the wild din invades his ears.

The dreaming maid sighs sad and oft,
That she her visions must forego,
When waken'd from her slumbers soft,
She hears the cry of hollo ho!

Port Folio, III–44, Jan. 17, 1807, Phila.

[Parody on G. A. Bürger's poem *Der wilde Jäger.* Cf. pp. 34, 85.]

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

By James Montgomery.

Emerald, II–108, Feb. 28, 1807, Boston.

[James Montgomery, *op. cit.* Extracts given. Cf. Preface.]

SWISS PEASANT.

Turn we, to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread,
Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut his feast though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of his shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys,
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on her board;
And haply too, some pilgrim, hither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Emerald, II–119, Mar. 7, 1807, Boston.

RUNIC ODE.

THE HAUNTING OF HAVARDUR.

By C. Leftly, Esq.

Balance and Columbian Repos., VI–144, May 5, 1807, Hudson, N. Y.

[Also in *Port Folio,* II–415, Dec. 31, 1806, Phila.]

FOREIGN POETICAL, POLITICAL SUMMARY.

Prussia.

. . . . . .

Still like a Bur she clings and sticks;
To Russia tho she grins and kicks,
Holds by the fur, which yet may fail,
For bears, alas, have got no tail.

. . . . . .

Holland.

Let Mynheer Vanderschoffeldt flout,
And swear and rave for sour krout;
Nay kick his frow with solemn phiz,
To make her feel how goot it ish.
Yet after he has gorg'd his maw
With puttermilks and goot olt slaw,
Let him remember times are such,
The French have Holland, not the Dutch.

Germany.

With roaring blunderbuss and thunder
All Germany is torn asunder;

How num'rous circles near and far
Encircl'd in the arms of war;
Her Hessian bullies one and all,
Pay homage to the spurious Gaul;
And John Bull's farm, a goodly station,
Makes soup to please the Gallic nation.

Norfolk Repos., II–232, May 26, 1807, Dedham, Mass.

ON THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

By T. Campbell.

Weekly Inspector, II–272, June 20, 1807, N. Y.

[Thomas Campbell, *idem.*
Battle of Hohenlinden, Bavaria, was fought Dec. 3, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John and the French under General Moreau.]

THE SORROWS OF SWITZERLAND.

Helvetian vales! Where freedom fix'd her sway;
And all the social virtues lov'd to stray;
Soft blissful seats of undisturb'd repose,
Rever'd for ages by contending foes,
What envious demon, ranging to destroy,
Has marr'd your sports, and clos'd your song of joy?
What horrid yells the affrighted ear assail!
What screams of terror load the passing gale!
See ruffian hordes, with tiger rage advance,
The shame of manhood, and the boast of France!
See trampled, crush'd and torn in lustful strife
The loathing virgin and indignant wife!
While wanton carnage sweeps each crowded wood,
And all the mountain torrents swell with blood!
Lo! Where yon cliff projects its length of shade
O'er fields of death, a wounded chief is laid!
Around the desolated scene he throws

A look, that speaks insufferable woes:
Then starting from his trance of dumb despair,
Thus vents his anguish to the fleeting air:
" Dear native hills, amidst whose woodland maze,
I pass'd the tranquil morning of my days,
On whose green tops malignant planets scowl,
Where hell hounds ravage, and the furies howl;
Though chang'd, deform'd, still, still ye meet my view,
Ye still are left to hear my last adieu!
My friends, my children, gor'd with many a wound,
Whose mangled bodies strew the ensanguin'd ground,
To parch and stiffen in the blaze of day,
Consign'd to vultures, and to wolves a prey,
Your toils are past; no more ye wake to feel
Lust's savage gripe, or rapine's reeking steel!
And Thou, to whom my wedded faith was given,
On earth my solace, and my hope in heaven,
Approv'd in manhood, as in youth ador'd,
Belov'd while living, as in death deplor'd,
O stay thy flight! Around this dreary shore
A moment hover, and we part no more—
On thy poor corpse, thy bleeding husband hangs,
Counts all thy wounds, and feels thy ling'ring pangs—
O righteous fathers! Thou whose fostering care
Sustains creation, hear my dying prayer!
Look down, look down on this devoted land,
O'er my poor country stretch thy saving hand!
O let the blood that streaming to the skies,
Still flows in torrents—let that blood suffice!
To thee the dreadful recompense belongs—
To thy just vengeance I consign my wrongs;
O vindicate the rights of nation's sway,
And sweep the monsters from the blushing day!

Weekly Inspector, II–288, June 27, 1807, N. Y.

Poetry.

Original.

Gentlemen,

It has been remarked, that the poetick department of the Anthology abounds rather in selected than original productions; whether this be the result of choice or necessity, the following lines will not be considered inapplicable since they partake the nature of both characters, and hence, if in other respects worthy to appear, it is presumed they will not be rejected.

FROM THE RUNIC.

'The power of Musick is thus hyperbolically commemorated in one of the songs of the Runic Bards.'*

I know a Song, by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect.

I know a Song, which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds, for the moment I sing it, my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty.

I know a Song, useful to all mankind, for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased.

I know a Song of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm.

* See Godwin's *Life of Chaucer.*

Mo. Anthology, IV–602, Nov. 1807, Boston.

THE SONG OF A RUNIC BARD.

Imitated in English verse.

I.

I know a Song, the magick of whose power
Can save the Warrior in destruction's hour;
From the fierce foe his falling vengeance charm,
And wrest the weapon from his nervous arm.

II.

I know a Song, which, when in bonds I lay,
Broke from the grinding chain its links away.

While the sweet notes their swelling numbers rolled,
Back flew the bolts, the trembling gates unfold;
Free as the breeze the elastic limbs advance,
Course the far field, or braid the enlivening dance.

III.

I know a Song, to mend the heart design'd,
Quenching the fiery passions of mankind;
When lurking hate and deadly rage combine,
To charm the serpent of revenge is mine;
By heavenly verse the furious deed restrain,
And bid the lost affections live again.

IV.

I know a Song, which when the wild winds blow
To bend the monarchs of the forests low,
If to the lay my warbling voice incline,
Waking its various tones with skill divine,
Hush'd are the gales, the spirit of the storm
Calms his bleak breath, and smooths his furrow'd form,
The day looks up, the dripping hills serene
Through the faint clouds exalt their sparkling green.

CAMBRIA.

Mo. Anthology, IV–602, Nov. 1807, Boston.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A tale imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine principles of the horrifick.

The wind whistled loud! farmer Dobbin's wheat stack
Fell down! The rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her back!
And the candle burnt—*just as before!*
The farmer exclaimed with a piteous sigh,
" To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout,
" Wife gi'e us some ale." His dame straight did cry,

Hemed and coughed three times three, then made this reply—
" I can't mun! Why? 'cause the cask's out!
By the side of the fire sat Roger Gee-ho
Who had finished his daily vocation,
With Cicely, whose eyes were as black as a Sloe,
A damsel indeed who had never said No,
And because *she ne'er had an occasion!*
All these were alarmed by the loud piercing cries,
And were thrown in a terrible state,
Till open the door, with wide staring eyes,
They found to their joy, no less than surprise,
"'Twas the old sow fast stuck in a gate!"

Charms of Lit. in Prose and Verse, p. 350, 1808, Trenton.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Port Folio, V–406, June 25, 1808, Phila.

[In a review of *Odes from the Norse and Welch Tongues* by Thomas Gray.
Also in *New Haven Gaz. and Conn. Mag.,* III–No. 21, May 29, 1788, New Haven.]

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Port Folio, VI–55, 57, July 23, 1808, Phila.

[Thomas Gray, *idem.* A literal trans.; not the same as the above. Criticism and reprint.]

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

By James Montgomery.

Gleaner, I–78 etc., Oct. 1808, Lancaster (Penn.).

[James Montgomery, *op. cit.* Entire poem reprinted. Cf. Preface.]

The following imitation of the celebrated Swiss air "Ran des Vaches," in which there is great simplicity and sweetness, is from the pen of the Editor of the Sheffield Iris, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland.

THE SONG OF THE SWISS IN A STRANGE LAND.

O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O when shall I dance on the daisy white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to thy lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet?
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call;
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

—J. M.

SHEFFIELD, June 1808.

Emerald, n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.

[*Ranz des Vaches.*

James Montgomery, *The West Indies and Other Poems,* 3rd. ed., Phila., 1811 (London, 1810).

P. 84, *The Swiss Cowherd's Song, in a Foreign Land.* "Imitated from the foregoing," *i. e.,* the French verses.]

THE SONG OF THE SWISS, IN A STRANGE LAND

Lit. Mirror, I–148, Oct. 29, 1808, Portsmouth, N. H.

[Also in *Emerald,* n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.]

THE SONG OF THE SWISS IN A STRANGE LAND.

Balance and Columbian Repos., VII–176, Nov. 1, 1808, Hudson, N. Y.
[Also in *Emerald*, n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.]

SONG OF THE SWISS IN A STRANGE LAND.

Norfolk Repos., III–392, Nov. 8, 1808, Dedham, Mass.
[Also in *Emerald*, n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.]

THE SONG OF THE SWISS, IN A STRANGE LAND.

By the Author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland."

Lady's Weekly Misc., VIII–128, Dec. 17, 1808, N. Y.
[Also in *Emerald*, n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.]

APPOINTMENT DISAPPOINTED!

OR,

VON SCHLEMMER, AND "POT LUCK."

An Englishman invited once
A German friend to dine
On plain *pot luck*,—for such his phrase—
And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repaired at proper time
With stomach for the treat:
The viands on the table placed,
Von Schlemmer took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
Mein Herr declin'd each one:

Fowls, turtle, sauce, they follow'd next,
Von Schlemmer tasted none.

His host, at length, by kindness urged,
Press'd him to taste some duck:
"Ach nein!" with groans Von Schlemmer said,
"I vait for de Pot Luck."

—Quiz.

Select Reviews, I–71, Jan. 1809, Phila.

On singing to a piano with a friend, the pathetic ballad of Mozart's "Vergiss me nicht,"* a few days previous to quitting my native country.

"Forget me not," nor yet the song,
Its plaintive notes our tears beguiling,
The fatal words died on my tongue,
And as you touch'd the trembling keys along,
Through lucid gems I saw you sadly smiling.

"Forget me not," ah! song of wo!
For never more our joys uniting,
With Sorrow's sigh no more to glow;
No more shall Pity's tear together flow,
Our love, our hopes, our joys forever blighting.

"Forget me not," oh! ever dear,
Let thrilling mem'ry o'er my fancy stealing,
As next you sing "Forget me not," a tear
Shall gently fall, my beating heart to cheer;
I'll never thee forget while I have life and feeling.

Julia Francesca.

Port Folio, VII (n. s. I)–272, Mar. 1809, Phila.

* The German of "Forget me not."

THE SOLDIER OF THE ALPS.

In the vallies yet lingered the shadows of night,
Though red on the glaciers the morning sun shone,
When our moss-covered church-tower first broke on my sight,
As I cross'd the vast oak o'er the cataract thrown.

For beyond that old church-tower, embosomed in pines,
Was the spot which contained all the bliss of my life,
Near yon grey granite rock, where the red ash reclines,
Stood the cottage where dwelt my loved children and wife.

Long since did the blasts of the war-trumpet cease,
The drum slept in silence, the colours were furled,
Serene over France rose the day-star of Peace,
And the beams of its splendour gave light to the world.

When near to the land of my fathers I drew,
And the drawn light her features of grandeur unveiled,
As I caught the first glimpse of her ice-mountains blue,
Our old native Alps with what rapture I hailed.

"Oh! soon, I exclaimed, will those mountains be passed,
And soon shall I stop at my own cottage door,
There my children's caresses will greet me at last,
And the arms of my wife will enfold me once more.

"While the fulness of joy leaves me powerless to speak,
Emotions which language can never define,
When her sweet tears of transport drop warm on my cheek,
And I feel her fond heart beat once more against mine.

"Then my boy, when our tumults of rapture subside,
Will anxiously ask how our soldiers have sped,
Will flourish my bay'net with infantile pride,
And exultingly place my plumed cap on his head.

"Then my sweet girl will boast how her chamois has grown;
And make him repeat all his antics with glee,
Then she'll haste to the vine that she claims as her own,
And fondly select its ripe clusters for me.

" And when round our fire we assemble at night,
With what interest they'll list to my tale of the war,
How our shining arms gleamed on St. Bernard's vast height,
While the clouds in white billows rolled under us far.

" Then I'll tell how the legions of Austria we braved,
How we fought on Marengo's victorious day,
When the colours of conquest dejectedly wave
Where streamed the last blood of the gallant Dessaix."

'Twas thus in fond fancy my bosom beat light
As I crossed the rude bridge where the wild waters roll,
When each well-known scene crowded fast on my sight,
And Hope's glowing visions came warm to my soul.

Through the pine-grove I hastened with footsteps of air
Already my lov'd ones I felt in embrace,
When I came—of my cot not a vestige was there—
But a hilloc of snow was heap'd high in its place.

The heart-rending story too soon did I hear—
An avalanche, loosed from the near mountain's side,
Our cottage o'erwhelmed in its thundering career,
And beneath it my wife and my children had died.

—IMOGEN.

Port Folio, VII (n. s. I)–350, Apr. 1809, Phila.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

Visitor, I–47, Apr. 22, 1809, Richmond.

[Also in *Weekly Inspector,* II–272, June 20, 1807, N. Y.]

COW BOY'S CHAUNT.

Sweet, regretted, native shore;
Shall I e'er behold thee more,

And all the objects of my love:
Thy streams so clear,
Thy hills so dear,
The mountain's brow,
And cots below,
Where once my feet were wont to rove?

There with Isabella fair,
Light of foot, and free from care,
Shall I to the tabor bound?
Or at eve, beneath the dale,
Whisper soft my artless tale,
And blissful tread on fairy ground?

Oh! when shall I behold again
My lowly cot and native plain,
And every object dear;
My father, and my mother,
My sister and my brother,
And calm their anxious fear.

(European Mag.)

[The above is preceded by the music and the French words of the *Ranz des Vaches*. Cf. p. 156.]

Visitor, I–72, June 3, 1809, Richmond.

THE SONG OF THE SWISS, IN A STRANGE LAND.

Gleaner, I–471, June 1809, Lancaster (Penn.).

[Also in *Emerald*, n. s., I–624, Oct. 15, 1808, Boston.]

CHARLOTTE AT THE TOMB OF WERTER.

With sorrow of heart I draw near,
The tomb where my Werter's at rest,
Soft pity oh, give me a tear
I will lighten the woes of my breast.

Sleep on thou dear shade, rest in peace,
  Undisturbed by the woes of my breast,
For sure the soft slumber would cease
  If with grief you know me opprest.

The meadow, the valley, the field,
  Recesses that once gave delight,
Alas now how changed! for they yield
  Nothing gayful or joyous to sight.

On the terrace I often remain,
  And the loss of my Werter deplore,
While by the pale moon I complain,
  Her beams, his loved image restore.

It was here the fond hope was inspired,
  That with gladness enlivens my heart
That when this dull life is expired
  We shall meet again never to part.

Yes, Werter, thy presage was just;
  To cherish the hope be my care,
For should it forsake me, how must
  I combat with grief and despair.

—A.

Visitor, I–136, Sept. 23, 1809, Richmond.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A tale imitated from the German.

Select Reviews, II–357, Nov. 1809, Phila.

[Also in *Charms of Lit. in Prose and Verse,* p. 350, 1808, Trenton.]

To those who have admired the singular poems of Lewis, Walter Scott, and others, under the whimsical titles of "The Cloud-King," "The Fire-King," etc., the following burlesque ballad may afford some amusement.

THE PAINT-KING.

Fair Ellen was once the delight of the young;
No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in extacies sung
The beauties of Ellen, the Fair.

But Ellen, though lovers in regiments threw
The darts of their eyes at her heart,
From the sorrow no pitying sympathy knew;
For, cold as an icicle-shower, they drew
Not a drop from that petrified part.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor it seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound, but the roar
Of breakers high-dashing around.

From object to object, still, still would she stray
Yet nothing, alas! could she find;
Through Novelty's mazes she rambled all day,
And even at midnight, so restless, they say,
In sleep would run after the wind.

Nay, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a wood-pecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement reclin'd,
Pass'd a youth with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd; not the eye of her mind;
For do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"And what can he do," said the maid with a sigh,
"Ah! what with that frame can he do?
I wish I could know it." When suddenly by
The youth pass'd again; and again did her eye
The frame, and a sweet picture view.

"Oh! sweet, lovely picture!" the fair Ellen sigh'd,
I must see thee again or I die;"
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
Till the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he (and he chuckled the while),
"This picture, I see, you admire;
Then take it, I beg you, perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow: (pray pardon my smile)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When beaming with rapture they gazed on her prize:
Yet thus was fair Ellen deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd;
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd, as though for its beauty he pin'd,
And gaz'd, as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor, Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd,
"Ah! could'st thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes so enchanting, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvass arose
The youth . . . and he stepp'd from the frame;
With a furious joy, his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen; and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing
"Oh! heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
When frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the Paint-King!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid, like a blast;
And he sped through the air, like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now, suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave:
The gates open'd wide, as by magick unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd,
Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh! mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms.
But the Paint-King, he scoff'd at her pain.
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms
That wake her to horror again.

She opens her lids; but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo:
Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villainous dies,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On a bright polish'd throne, of prismatical* spar,
Sat the mosaick fiend like a clod;

* This being a *free country*, I have taken the liberty, for the sake of the metre, to alter the word prismatick, as above!

While he rear'd in his mouth a gigantick cigar
Twice as big as the light-house, though seen from afar,
On the coast of the stormy Cape Cod.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, head and bodies, emerging between;
Like the drawing room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil-jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dim air,
All cover'd with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller, he crush'd every bone;
But though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette with masterly care,
Each tint on the surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
The pearl and the white of her forehead so fair
And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When lo! from a chasm unfathom'd there came
A small tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
By a team of ten glowworms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was the gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In a voice that stole on the still charmed air,
Like the first gentle accent of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call . . . but, oh Paint-King! beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart!
Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear, by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
"If again with these magical colours I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh! fair Geraldine!
Thy promise with rapture, I claim,
And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm;
And the pure, pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair:
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas! her blue yes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrifick surprise
That seized the Paint-King, when, behold, he descries
Not a speck on his palette of black.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone:
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her figer she loosen'd her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan!)
And she swell'd to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
High lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then waving, with smiles, o'er the picture her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass fair Ellen appear!
In feature, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

Mo. Anthology, VII–391, Dec. 1809, Boston.

[Washington Allston, *idem.* Cf. pp. 18, 19.]

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A tale imitated from the German.

Boston Mirror, II–96, Jan. 6, 1810, Boston.

[Also in *Charms of Lit. in Prose and Verse,* p. 350, 1808, Trenton.]

THE PAINT KING.

Something, I–151, Jan. 20, 1810, Boston.

[Also in *Mo. Anthology,* VII–391, Dec. 1809, Boston.]

IV

LIST OF TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN PROSE, AND LIST OF ARTICLES ON THE GERMAN COUNTRIES

Many references to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, etc., are to be found in the news sections of the magazines, but they are too numerous and too brief to be noted in the following list.

The General Mag. & Hist. Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America.—B. Franklin, Phila.

I—Jan.–June, 1741

News from Germany.

Amer. Mag. & Hist. Chronicle.—Boston.

I—Sept. 1743–Dec. 1744

499—A Description of the City of Hamburg, with several observations on the Hamburghers, and other Germans, &c.

II—1745

373—Ld. P——l's Speech, upon the Report of the Hanoverian Troops, 1744.

492—The Dutch method of manning fleets.

III—1746.

311—Description of the City of Antwerp.

406—King of Prussia—his character.

[Foreign affairs—many paragraphs on Vienna, Hague, Utrecht, Stockholm in Sweden, Denmark, etc.]

Independent Reflector.—N. Y.

Nos. 1–52. Nov. 30, 1752–Nov. 22, 1753.

21—A Vindication of the Moravians, against the aspersions of their enemies.

Amer. Mag. & Mo. Chronicle.—Phila.

I—Oct. 1757–Oct. 1758.

136—Character of the King of Prussia.

[Many paragraphs giving news of Germany.]

The New Amer. Mag.—Woodbridge in N. J.

Nos. XIII–XXIV, 1759.

418—The following remarkable curiosities of Denmark are inserted as an agreeable amusement.

462—On a very useful custom established in Holland; from the French of Voltaire.

The Royal Amer. Mag.—Boston.

Jan.–Dec. 1774.

416—An account of a topical Remedy for the cure of ulcerated Cancer. By M. I. Soultzer, first Physician to his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Gotha.

Penna. Mag.—Phila.

I—1775.

471—The Law of Liberty; a Sermon on American affairs, preached at the opening of the Provincial Congress of Georgia. With an appendix giving a concise account of the struggles of Swisserland, to recover their Liberty. By John J. Zubly, D.D. (Select passages from new British Publications.)

II—Jan.–June, 1776.

63—Some account of the Lives of Eminent Persons.—Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

169—Extraordinary Heroism of the ancient Scandinavians.

The U. S. Mag.—Phila.

I—1779.

136—Origin of the Debate between the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany. Trans. from the Journal Historique & Politique.

186—Particulars relative to the debate between the Emperor and Prussia.

472—Thoughts on the necessity of War. Trans. from the German.

474—Singular Adventures of a German Princess, consort of Alexis, the unfortunate son of the Czar Peter the Great. By Crito.

The Boston Mag.—Boston.

I—Oct. 1783–Dec. 1784.

55—Description (with an elegant engraving) of the celebrated tomb of Madame Langhans, executed by Mr. John Augustus Nahl, late sculptor to the King of Prussia, and which is to be seen in the choir of the parish church of Hindlebanck 2 leagues from Berne, [Prose article containing a trans. of a German poem from Haller. Cf. p. 21.]

545—An account of the commencement of the Liberty of Switzerland.

III—1786.

72, 65, 66, 67—New description of Zurich in Switzerland.

[In a letter from an English gentleman to his friend. Pages of vol. III are misnumbered after p. 72.]

The Worcester Mag.—Worcester (Mass.).

I—First week in Apr.—third week in Aug. 1786.
140—Treaty of Commerce between the U. S. and the King of Prussia.
235—Droll adventure of a Silesian priest, related in the King of Prussia's Campaigns.
III—First week in Apr.—2nd week in Aug. 1787.
5—On the Dutch Loan. From a late N. Y. paper.
IV.—First week in Oct. 1787—4th week in Mar. 1788.
121—Emperour of Germany's Prayer. A small work has lately appeared in Germany under the title of "Joseph Gebetbux" [sic], (the Emperour's Prayer Book) from which the following is extracted.

Columbian Mag.—Phila.

I—Sept. 1786–Dec. 1787.
442—Anecdote of the Siege of Leyden.
II—1788.
31—A genuine Letter from a Member of the Society called Dunkards to a Lady of the Penn Family, with her Answer.
40—A remarkable Hermitage. From Keysler's Travels.
323—Account of a very extraordinary Eruption of Fire in Iceland, in 1783.
621—Account of the great Revolution in Denmark, in the year 1660.
688—Observations made in a Tour in Swisserland, in 1786, by Monsieur De Lazowski.
III—1789.
38—Anecdote extracted from "The Life of Frederic III late King of Prussia," published at Paris and Strassburg in the summer of 1788, and now translating in Philadelphia.
548—Anecdotes—of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.
IV—Jan.–June 1790.
26—An Allegory on the Dispute respecting Precedency between the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts. By Mr. Klopstock. Trans. from the German.
32—Extracts from an Essay on the Form of Government, and the Duties of Kings. By the late King of Prussia. Sent, in 1781, to his Secretary of State, de Hertsberg; but written in 1776, or 1777, as appears from his Letters to Voltaire.
169, 205, 365—Extracts from the correspondence of the present King of Sweden when a young man, with the superintendents of his education.
V—July–Dec. 1790.
156—An Account of Miss D. Schlozer, a celebrated learned lady, in the Electorate of Hanover, who was thought worthy of the highest academical honours in the University of Gottengen, at the Grand Jubilee, in the year 1787.
249—On the Utility of Frost-Conductors. From a late German magazine.
319—On the Modern Manners in Germany.
362—Letter of the King of Sweden. [Con. from IV.]

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag.—Phila.

I—Jan.–June 1791.

46—A Tour in Holland, in 1784. By an American. (Thin Octavo. Printed in Boston.)

134—Extract from the correspondence of the present King of Sweden, etc. [Con. from V of *Columbian Mag.*]

400—Anecdotes—II. Of the late King of Prussia.

II—July–Dec. 1791.

23—Observations on the Cretins, or Idiots, of the Pais de Vallais, in Switzerland. By Sir Richard Clayton.

174—Extraordinary account of certain Hot Springs in the Island of Amsterdam. (From Mortimer's Observations, during a voyage from Canton to the northwest coast of America and back to Canton.)

378—Anecdote of the Czar Peter of Russia. Trans. from the French of Frederick II of Prussia.

I—Jan.–June 1792.

233—An Account of the National Character, Manners and Customs of the Swedes. (From Catteau's "General view of Sweden.")

II—July–Dec. 1792.

177—The Furies, a Fable. From the German of M. Lessing.

New Haven Gaz. and Conn. Mag.—New Haven.

I—Feb. 16, 1786–Feb. 15, 1787.

8—On a very useful custom which prevails in Holland.

84—Some particulars of the rise of Peter Schreutzer, whom the King of Prussia raised from the ranks to be a General Officer.

296—Anecdote of the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and Lord Chesterfield.

319—Extract from a Treatise on Physiognomy. By M. Lavater.

395—Anecdote of the Late King of Prussia.

Amer. Museum.—Phila.

III—Jan.–June 1788.

539—Speech on the learned languages, by the hon. Francis Hopkinson, and delivered by a young gentleman at a public commencement in the University of Pennsylvania. [Against the study of Latin and Greek. . . . "It is not necessary to search antiquity for a means of a reciprocal communication of ideas, because languages most in use, are, in truth, the most useful to be known."]

VI—July–Dec. 1789.

35—Account of the Society of Dunkards in Pennsylvania. Communicated by a British officer to the editor of the Edinburgh Magazine.

159—Account of the discovery of America, by the Icelanders, in the 11th cent., taken from Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. I.

222—To the President of the United States. The address of the ministers and elders of the German Reformed congregations in the United States, at their general meeting, held at Phila., June 1789.

223—Washington's reply to the above.
411—Anecdote of Frederick the Great. [Why he did not help the Americans.]
475—Peter, a German Tale.
482—Anecdotes. No. 5—Frederick the Great. No. 8—Charles XII of Sweden.

VII—Jan.–June 1790.
168—Anecdote of German soldiers retired to America.
208—A Hint [on Dutch industry].
216, 328—The Maid of Switzerland. By Miss Anne Blower.

IX—Jan.–June 1791.
42 (Appendix III)—Emigration from Germany. [Short paragraph.]

X—July–Dec. 1791.
108—Anecdote of the "late King of Prussia."
35 (Appendix I)—A hymn on the nativity of Christ, sung in the Dutch church, New York.

XI—Jan.–June 1792.
38—State of the female sex, among the ancient Germans. By Gilbert Stuart, LL.D.
97—Of marriage and modesty among the ancient Germans. By Gilbert Stuart.
102—Productions and Commerce of Germany. From Zimmerman's political survey of the present state of Europe.

XIII—1798.
233—King of Prussia annuls the contracts made by the French for corn, at Hamburg, Bremen, etc.
255—Treaty of Pilnitz.

The Amer. Mag.—N. Y.

Dec. 1787–Nov. 1788.
779—A Gothic Story.

Mass. Mag. or Mo. Museum.—Boston.

I—1789.
164—Avarice and Glory. An History. By the King of Prussia. By the Shepherd his Majesty means himself.
238—A Singular Species of Folly in the Dutch. [The tulip craze.]
310—The Wisdom of Providence. An Apologue. From the German of the celebrated Gellert.
491—Character of the honourable and learned Emanuel Swedenborg. Written by himself.

II—1790.
53—Anecdote of Frederick, the late King of Prussia.
151—An Account of a Visit to the Alps. By M. de Saussure.
177—The Norway Bear.
456—The Saxon Heroine.

685—Of the Cleanliness, Order and Economy of Dutch Prisons. (By the late celebrated Mr. Howard.)

708—Account of the Moravian Settlement at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. (From Capt. Aubrey's Travels through the interior parts of America.*)

* An English work, celebrated for its want of candour and justice.

III—1791.

102, etc.—Various Sketches of the Dutch. (From "A Tour in Holland, in 1784, by an American," just published.)

223—An Account of Miss D. Schlozer. [Dorothy Schlozer in the Electorate of Hanover who received academical honors in the University of Göttingen.]

235, etc.—Zohar, an Eastern Tale. By Wieland.

345—A Prussian Edict.

365—Description of Bethlehem; in the State of Pennsylvania. [References to the Germans.]

470—Anecdote of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

559—Sketch of the unfortunate Erick XIV, son of the great Augustus Vasa, King of Sweden.

564—Eulogium of Hacon, King of Norway.

571—Character of the King of Prussia.

627—General Character of the Germans.

756—Various Sketches of the Dutch.

IV—1792.

166—Character of the Swedish Nation.

306—History of Margarate of Valdemar. (From Cox's Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden and Denmark.)

544—Prussian Royal Customs.

V—1793.

38—Account of the Swedish Revolution.

133—A Sketch of Berlin.

VI—1794.

429 ff.—Claudine; A Swiss Tale. (From the French M. de Florian.)

497—Anecdotes of the late Emperor of Germany.

555—Anecdotes of the late Joseph, Emperor of Germany.

584—Marriage Rites in Modern Germany.

VII, Nos. 4 (July), 11 (Dec.) 1795.

21—Lavater. [Mentioned in table of contents.]

233—Speculator, No. IX. [An article on the drama. Many references to the German drama. "Goëthé," Lessing, Schiller, Leisewitz, "Garstenberg," Unzer and Klinger mentioned; also, "the dramatic poems of Klopstock."]

VIII—Jan., Mar.-Dec. 1796.

33—Curious characteristic Particulars of the celebrated Reformer Luther.

200—Anecdote of Frederick the Great, late King of Prussia.

258—Adventure in the Convent of Carmelites at Augsburg. From Campbell's journey overland to India.

303—Marriage Rites in different Nations. [Sweden, Denmark, Swedish Livonia, Ancient Germany.]
343—Martin Luther. [An anecdote.]
443—Flystone used by the Moravians in Pennsylvania.
447—Physiognomy. [Reference to Lavater.]
469—An Account of Moravian Settlements in Pennsylvania.

The Christian's, Scholar's, and Farmer's Mag.—Elizabeth-Town, N. J.

I—Apr. 1789–Mar. 1790.
46—Great Charity of the Dutch.
632—Anecdote of the late King of Prussia.
—— From a German divine, a doctor of Divinity. [Unnumbered page following 656 with heading "To Subscribers."]

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos.—N. Y.

II—1791.
173—Song. Tune, German Spa.
321—Irus. From the German.
332—Original Anecdotes of Peter the Great. From a German work just published.
460—Miscellaneous observations on Holland. In a letter addressed to the Editor of the Edinburgh Mag.
526—An Oration delivered by Jacob Morton, Esq., in the Luthern Church at the Anniversary meeting of the German Society, on the 6th of Jan. 1791.
534—General Character of the Germans. (From Baron Riesbeck's Travels through Germany.)
730—Anecdote of Christina, Queen of Sweden.
III—1792.
361—The Generous Mask. A Tale. Imitated from the German.
391—Anecdote of Frederick III, King of Prussia.
475—Punishment of John Jacob Ankerstrom, for the assassination of Gustavus III, King of Sweden.
IV—1793.
222—A general View of Switzerland and the Alps, with an affecting anecdote. (From "Observations on Denmark, etc.")
231—William Tell. (From "A Picturesque Description of Switzerland.")
293—An Oration delivered by Gustavus Adolphus III on the Foundation of the Swedish Academy, Mar. 20, 1786. (From Select Orations and Paper's relative to the Swedish Academy.)
428—Of the Inhabitants of Loheia. (From Niebuhr's Travels.)
610—A brief Analysis of the Powers of the Triumvirate, Russia, Austria and Prussia; which, according to the ideas of the Marquis of Lansdowne, if the present combination against France succeeds, will swallow up the other governments of Europe.
730—Occurrence in the Rhaetian Alps; with the general Character of the Tyrolese. (From Travels through the Rhaetian Alps, in the year 1786, from Italy to Germany through Tyrol; by Albanis Beaumont.)

V—1794.

325—Letter from Mr. Klopstock to the National Convention of France. (From "The late Picture of Paris.")

334—General Reflections on Taste. Trans. from the German.

425—Account of the State Prison of Konigstein in Saxony. (From the Life of Baron Trenk.)

VI—1795.

269—Account of Extraordinary Springs in Iceland. (From Horrebow's Natural History of that Island.)

496—An extract from the "Ghost-seer, or Apparitionist," an Interesting Fragment, found among the Papers of Count O—*

*Vide Mo. Rev., for Sept. 1794, p. 21 for merits of this work.

593—Character of the Dunkers. (From Winchester's Universal Restoration.)

663—Account of Travels into Norway, Denmark and Russia, in the years 1788, '89, '90, '91. By A. Swinton, Esq.

752—Description of Iceland. (From Watson's Universal Gazateer, or Modern Geographical Index.)

n. s. I, Jan.–July 1796.

239—Battle of Morat. (From Coxe's Travels in Switzerland.)

244—Account of the Timber Floats on the Rhine.

250—Curious Account of the Punishment of State Criminals of Family in Holland.

251—Of the Influence of Countenance on Countenance. [By Lavater.]

311—Ruins of Caithness—A Gothic Tale.

338—Account of a Dutch Drum. (From Pratt's Gleanings.)

339—Anecdotes of the Prince Royal of Denmark. (From Mrs. Wollstoncraft's Letters.)

369—Helvetic Confederacy. (From Coxe's Travels in Switzerland.)

n. s. II—1797.

116—Destruction of the Town of Plurs, by the Fall of a Mountain. (From Coxe's Travels in Switzerland.)

141—The Offspring of Mercy. (From Herder's Scattered Leaves.)

141—The Vine. (From the same.)

247—Sleep. (From Herder's Scattered Leaves.)

247—The Choice of Flora. (From the same.)

248—Aurora. (From the same.)

261—Sports of the Swiss Peasantry. (From Durand's Elementary Statistics of Switzerland.)

308—The Topography and Natural History of the Swiss Alps. (From a work of that name by the late Baron Haller.)

316—Account of the Public Eating-houses of Vienna. (From Owen's Travels.)

322—On the Literature of Geneva. (From Coxe's Travels in Switzerland.)

368—Claudine: A Swiss Tale. (From the French of M. de Florian.)

408—Conversation between Sebaldus and a Military Officer. (From Dutton's Translation of Nicolai's Nothanker.)
481—The Nuptial Funeral. An Historical Fragment. (From a German Chronicle.)
547—State of Chemistry in Germany.

The Amer. Apollo.—Boston.

I—Jan. 6–Sept. 28, 1792.
314—Character of Gustavus III, Late King of Sweden.

Lady's Mag. and Repos. of Entertaining Knowledge.—Phila.

I—Dec. 1792–May 1793.
253—A general view of Switzerland and the Alps, with an affecting anecdote. [Containing a poem. Cf. p. 136.]

Curiosities of Literature.—London printed; Phila. reprinted 1793.

185—The Thirteen Cantons. [i. e., Switzerland.]

Rural Mag. or Vt. Repos.—Rutland.

I—1795.
493—(At a moment when the eyes of all Europe are directed to the Diet of Ratisbon, a sketch of the German Constitution, and of its military forces, cannot be unacceptable to the generality of our readers.) [The article follows.]
II—1796.
76—Germany. [1½ pages.]
220—Anecdotes of the King of Prussia.
352—Character of the Dunkers. From Winchester's Universal Restoration.
387—Origin of the University of Leyden. From Dr. Smith's tour on the continent.
535—Letter from the King of Prussia, in his own hand, to M. Voltaire. [Trans.]

Amer. Mo. Rev.—Phila.

I—Jan.–Apr. 1795.
199, 491—Lit. intelligence from the continent.—Sweden, Denmark.
201, 324—Niebuhr's Travels through Arabia, and Other Countries in the East. Trans. into English by Robert Heron. [Book notice.]
271—Iphigenia in Tauris. A Tragedy written originally in German by J. W. von Goëthe. Printed at Norwich; sold by Johnson, London. [Extracts from the metrical trans. given. By Wm. Taylor of Norwich. (?)]
II—May–Aug. 1795.
201—Onderzoek van der Aart der Voorspellingen. An Inquiry into the Nature of Prophecies, by Konynenburg (Prof. in Amsterdam). Haarlem 1794. [Notice.]
III—Sept.–Dec. 1795.
184—Cabal and Love, A Tragedy trans. from the German of F. Schiller, Author of the Robbers, Don Carlos, the Conspiracy of Fiesco, &c. [Book notice.]

298—The Count of Hoernsdern; a German Tale. By the Author of Constance, the Pharos, Argus, &c. [Notice.]

304—Introduction of the New Testament. By John David Michaelis late Prof. in the University of Gottingen, &c. Trans. from the 4th ed. of the German and considerably augmented with Notes, explanatory and supplemental. By Herbert Marsh, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. [Notice.]

The Weekly Museum.—N. Y.

VIII—May 9, 1795–June 18, 1796.

May 23, 1795—Dutch Magnanimity.

June 20—Anecdote of Count Cagliostro.—Letter from Tuscofee, Surgeon at Vienna in Austria, to the Editor of "Courier de l'Europe," publ. in London.

Aug. 29—Count Hohenloe. A German Story.

Feb. 6, 1796—Curious Contest between two Rival Lovers. A German Anecdote.

June 18—The Hermit of the Alps. A Fragment. [A continued story.]

IX—June 25–Dec. 31, 1796.

Nov. 26—Affecting Anecdote of an Officer in the Prussian Service.

N. Y. Weekly Mag.—N. Y.

I—July 1, 1795–June 29, 1796.

46—The Apparitionist. Trans. from Schiller.

II—July 6, 1796–June 28, 1797.

4—The Victim of Magical Delusion. Trans. from the German of Tschink.

Phila. Minerva.—Phila.

I—Feb. 7, 1795–Jan. 30, 1796.

May 9—Amsterdam; Haarlem.

Aug. 29—Irus. From the German of X. Sehhewio.

Oct. 31.—Dutch Magnanimity.

II—Feb. 6, 1796–Jan. 21, 1797.

Feb. 6—A Striking Anecdote of the Late King of Prussia.

Feb. 6—Military Courtship. A curious old Danish Anecdote.

Mar. 12—Anecdote [of a Dutchman].

May 28—Curious Contest between Two Rival Lovers. A German Anecdote.

Nov. 19—of the Late King of Prussia.

III—Jan. 28, 1797–Jan. 27, 1798.

Apr. 22—The Fatal Effects of a too Susceptible Heart in a Young Prussian Officer.

IV—Feb. 3–July 7, 1798.

20—The Generous Mask. A Tale. Imitated from the German.

90.—A Deluge Scene. (Trans. from the German.)

Mo. Military Repos.—N. Y.

I—1796.
23—King of Prussia's Battles.
25—The Seven Years, or Third Silesian War. By I. W. d'Archenholz, Captain in the Prussian Service. Trans. from the German by the Editor.
45—Relation of Charles XII, King of Sweden, being taken Prisoner at Varmiza, near Bender.
139—Reflections on the character and military talents of Charles XII, King of Sweden, by the late King of Prussia.
II—1797.
15—Instruction for the Inspectors of Infantry. By the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great. [Trans. from the German.]

Lit. Museum.—West Chester.

Jan.-June 1797.
80—Herman of Unna. A Series of Adventures of the fifteenth Century, in which the Proceedings of the Secret Tribunal under the Emperors Winceslaus and Sigismund are delineated. Written in German by Prof. Kramer.
125—Memoir on Plants which emit Light; by Mr. Haggeron. Lecturer on Natural History. Trans. from the Swedish.
159—Anecdote of M. Lavater.
175—Origin of the University of Leyden.
180—The Good Friar of Augsburg. (From Mr. Campbell's Journey over Land to India.)
192—A new view of the city of Copenhagen, with Observations on the Character and Manners of the Danes. (From Mrs. Wollstencraft's Letters during a residence in Sweden, Norway and Denmark.)
200—Of the Influence of Countenance on Countenance. By Lavater.
233—Account of a Dutch Drum.
253—An Interesting Fragment. (From the Ghost-seer, or Apparitionist.)
309—Of the Valteline. From Cox's Travels in Switzerland.

Amer. Universal Mag.—Phila.

I—Jan. 2-Mar. 20, 1797.
62—Anecdote of Dr. Franklin and the late King of Sweden.
II—Apr. 3-June 13, 1797.
79—Account of a Cask in the Castle of Konigstein, reckoned the largest in the world.
172—Extraordinary Anecdote. From the German trans. of Linnaeus by Prof. Muller.
III—July 10-Nov. 15, 1797.
10—Timber Floats on the Rhine.
128—Occurrences in the Rhaetian Alps. (From the Travels of Albanies Beaumont.)
204—A Portrait of Voltaire, by the late King of Prussia.
235—General Reflections on Taste. Trans. from the German.

362—The Prudent Judge. An Eastern Tale. Trans. from the German.
400—Anecdote of Charles XII, King of Sweden.
407—State of Chemistry in Germany.
IV—Dec. 5, 1797–Mar. 7, 1798.
102—Description of Mount Blanc. By M. Bourrit.
237—Some Account of the Tulip-madness, which prevailed in Holland in the last century.

Amer. Moral and Sentimental Mag.—N. Y.

I—July 3, 1797–May 21, 1798.
25—Anecdotes of the late King of Prussia.
729—Biographical Anecdotes of Peter Anich, an ingenious German peasant.

Phila. Mo. Mag.—Phila.

I—Jan.–June 1798.
205—Waldemar, a character from the German of Jacobi of Dusseldorf.

Weekly Mag.—Phila.

I—Feb. 3–Apr. 28, 1798.
124—Whimsical Anecdote of the Princess of Prussia.
220—Some Account of the Poems of G. A. Bürger. By the Translator of Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris.
II—May 5–July 23, 1798.
152—Account of the Geyser, a surprising Spring in Iceland.
335—Anecdotes of Gibbon. From Matthisson's Letters, lately published at Zurich.
349—An Anecdote of Emperor Sigismund.
396—Singular Method of employing Dogs in Holland.
397—M. de Saussure's celebrated expedition to Mont Blanc.
404—German Fondness for Good Eating.
III—Aug. 4, 1798–Apr. 6, 1799.
59—A Pyrometer. (From the Travels of Count Stolberg through Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily. A late Publication.)
181—The Death of Adam. From Herder's Scattered Leaves and Letters.
243—Sleep. From Herder's Scattered Leaves.

The Key.—Frederick Town.

I—Jan. 13–July 7, 1798.
75—The Generous Mask. A Tale. Imitated from the German.
141—William Tell.
187—A Deluge Scene. Trans. from the German.

Mo. Mag. and Amer. Rev.—N. Y.

I—Apr.–Dec. 1799.
55—An Ecclesiastical History. By the late learned John Lawrence Mosheim, D.D. and Chancellor of the Univ. of Gottingen. Trans. from the Latin by Archibald Maclaine, D.D. [Review.]

76—Anecdotes of distinguished characters—Kotzebue.
96—Remarks on Lover's Vows: from the German of Kotzebue. By Mrs. Inchbald.
148—Some particulars respecting the late Embassy of the Dutch East India Co. to the Court of Pekin.
153—Schiller.
335—Walstein's School of History. From the German of Krants of Gotha.
II—Jan.-June 1800.
8—Literary Industry of the Germans. [Cf. p. 17.]
73—Description of the Volcano in the Island of St. Lucia. By M. Cassan. From Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences. Vol. XI.
133—The Count of Burgundy—Kotzebue. Trans. by Chas. Smith. [The same.] Trans. by Ann Plumptre. [Review.]
225—The Wild Youth—Kotzebue. Trans. by Chas. Smith. The Wild Goose Chase—Kotzebue. Trans. by Wm. Dunlap. [Review.]
284—On the Study of German.
444—A View of the State of the Stage in Germany.
III—July-Dec. 1800.
68—Account of the Swedish Island of St. Bartholomew, in the West Indies.
283—Characteristic Anecdotes of Suwarrow; by a German Officer, who served under him in Poland.
303—Account of the political journals, &c., in the Dominion of the King of Denmark.
306—[The same] in Sweden.
453—Pizarro in Peru, or the Death of Rolla.—Kotzebue. Trans. by Wm. Dunlap. [Review.]

Phila. Mag. and Rev.—Phila.

I—Jan.-June 1799.
28—Anecdote of Dr. Franklin and the late King of Sweden.
34—A History of Inventions and Discoveries, by John Beckmann, public Professor of Economy, in the Univ. of Gottingen. Trans. from the German by Wm. Johnston. 3 vols. [Notice.]
147—Anecdotes of the Police of Milan. From a German Author.
224—Der Freistaat von Nord-America; or The Free-State of North America, described by D. von Bülow. 2 vols. [Notice.]

Phila. Repos.—Phila.

I—Nov. 15, 1800-Nov. 7, 1801.
207—Humorous Correspondence. [Dr. Schmidt of the Cathedral of Berlin with the King of Prussia.]
290—A view of the Private Life of the Late King of Prussia.
331—Remarkable Instance of "the Ruling Passion strong in Death." [Anecdote of Frederick William, King of Prussia.]
III—1803.
313—The Maid of Switzerland. A Tale.
396—Dr. Laurenzius. The Elwes of Germany.

IV—1804.
38—Klopstock and Gleim.
72—From Travels in Switzerland. By Helan Maria Williams. [13 stanzas given.]
181—Sleep. From Herder's Scattered Leaves and Letters.
187—Anecdote of the Emperor of Germany.
343—A Name to Travel With. (Trans. from the German.)

Columbian Phenix.—Boston.

I—1800.
74—On the National Character of the Dutch. (From the MS. notes of a German.)
94—Handel.
365—Kotzebue.
370—Account of the Anabaptists in Germany, in the year 1534.

Child of Pallas.—Balto.

I—1800.
74—[Reference to Lavater.]
210—Anecdote of Frederick III. . . .
Note: Engel has made this anecdote the subject of a little drama, entitled "The Page."
245—Anecdote of Handel.

Balto. Weekly Mag.—Balto.

Apr. 26, 1800–Mar. 27, 1801.
68—Account of General Kleber.
94—The General Advantages of Solitude. From the German of M. Zimmerman.

Port Folio.—Phila.

I—1801.
1, etc.—Journal of a Tour through Silesia. [By John Quincy Adams. Cf. p. 2.]
58—Gessner. [Prose article.]
186—Letters from an American resident abroad on various types of foreign literature. [Frederick the Great and Gellert, a dialogue.]
193—Principles of the American and French Revolutions compared. Trans. from the German of Gentz.

II–1802.
42—Kotzebue Vindicated.
337—Interesting Travels in North America. Trans. from the German of Bulow.

II—July–Dec. 1806.
369—Review: The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems. By James Montgomery. [For quotations, cf. p. 163.]

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

IV—July-Dec. 1807.

228—"On the Olympic Games, &c." From an Original Work, entitled Memoirs of Anacreon, Translated from the Greek by Charles Sedley, Esq." [In the review of the above is the translation: "On the Power of Beauty."*]

* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder lib iii der Soldat, Gail, Degen."

V—Jan.-June 1808.

363—The Signora Aveduta. From the German and French.

380.—David Teniers, Painter.

394, 406—Critique. Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues. Gray. [For quotations, cf. pp. 128, 175.]

VI—July-Dec. 1808.

10—Memoirs of Baron de Besenval. From the German and French.

55—Critique. Odes from the Norse, &c. [Gray. For quotations, cf. pp. 128, 175.]

I—Jan.-June 1809.

143—Leipsic Fair.

240—Military Character.—Austrians.

III—Jan.-June 1810.

472—Observations on the Music of Handel.

IV—July-Dec. 1810.

264—Sketch of the Life of Ferdinand von Schill.

Lady's Mag. and Musical Repos.—N. Y.

I—Jan.-June 1801.

19—All Happiness is Illusion—woe to him who robs us of it. A Dramatic Anecdote, from the miscellaneous works of Kotzebue. Trans. by C. Smith.

290—Sketch of Lavater.

II—July-Dec. 1801.

193—Albert and Laura: A Swiss Tale.

284—Extract from a Sketch of the Life and Writings of Kotzebue.

III—Jan.-June 1802.

100—Extracts from the Writings of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. (From Travels into Sweden, Norway and Denmark.)

Amer. Rev. and Lit. Journal.—N. Y.

I—1801.

120—New Discoveries in Medicine, patronized by the King of Prussia.

333—Wieland, or the Transformation. An American Tale. [Charles Brockden Brown.]

II—1802.

62—Letter of King Frederick William of Prussia to Major Hamelberg.

204—A Tour through Holland, in the year 1784. By an American. Worcester, 1790.

New Eng. Quart. Mag.—Boston.

No. 1—Apr.-June 1802.
36—The Art of Prolonging Life. Trans. from the German of Dr. Hufeland.
67—Frederick the Great. Extracted from Wraxall's Memoirs.
269—An Epigram on the late King of Prussia, and a receipt by Voltaire.
No. 2.—July-Sept. 1802.
18—Present State of Chemistry in Germany.
52—Boerhaave.
57—John Paul Fred. Richter.
61—John Jerome Schröter.
169—Of the City of Cairo. From Niebuhr's Travels.
262—German Literature. [A short paragraph.]
No. 3—Oct.-Dec. 1802.
28—Disputes between the Brunonians and Antibrunonians in Germany.
198—A curious Memoir of M. Emanuel Swedenborg, concerning Charles XII of Sweden.

Juvenile Mag.—Phila.

II—1802.
94—Life of Lavater, the celebrated Physiognomist.
94—Anecdote of Professor Junker of the University of Halle.
IV—1802 [1804 ?].
198—Luther.

Balance and Columbian Repos.—Hudson (N. Y.)

II—1803.
240—A Gallant Dutchman.
304—Anecdote of a German Chemist.
III—1804.
220—Female Swindler at Vienna. From a London Paper.

Weekly Visitor.—N. Y.

I—Oct. 9, 1802-Apr. 2, 1803.
36—Manners of the Arabians in Egypt. From Niebuhr's Travels.
54—Swiss Insurrection.
86—Switzerland.
148—Anecdote of Gerard Dou, a famous Dutch painter.

Boston Weekly Mag.—Boston.

I—Oct. 30, 1802-Oct. 22, 1803.
116—Kotzebue's Account of the Illness and Death of his Wife.
182—Anecdote of Prof. Junker of the Univ. of Halle.
II—Oct. 29, 1803-Oct. 20, 1804.
74—Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.
126—City of Berne.
III—Oct. 27, 1804-Oct. 19, 1805.
74, 102, 142—Anecdotes of the King of Prussia.

Mass. Missionary Mag.—Salem and Boston.

III—June 1805–May 1806.
121—Memoir of the late Rev. John Casper Lavater.
229—Duke of Saxony.
IV—June 1806–May 1807.
263—Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.
V—June 1807–May 1808.
193—Dr. Spener.

Lit. Mag. and Amer. Register.—Phila.

I—Oct. 1803–Mar. 1804.
168, 171, 253, 254—Journey through part of Pennsylvania. [References to the Germans.]
468—Criticism on Klopstock's Messiah. [Trans. of 15 lines given. Cf. p. 66.]
II—Apr.–Dec. 1804.
33—Particulars respecting Sweden, by Ascerbi.
39—Description of Dresden and its environs, from an accurate and extensive work, which has lately appeared in the form of letters, at Berlin.
105—Account of the Dutch East Indian Settlements.
138—Some Account of a Mechanical Genius. By Stolberg.
299—Excursion to the North of Germany. Description of Hamburg.
231, 307, 390—Criticism of Klopstock's Messiah. Continued from I—470. [Quotations given.]
375—Cretins, or Swiss Idiots.
472—Sketch of Amsterdam, taken from the letter of a traveller who visited that city in July, 1799.
489—Female Swindler at Vienna. From a late London paper.
514—Zeendorf education, and military system.
525—A Flemish Pulpit.
530—Anecdote [of a Dutch merchant].
550—Schinderhannes, the Robber.
552—Tager Talpier [a German who had been married eleven times].
553—Anecdote [of a German prince Esterhazy].
666—The German School of Painting.
715—The Pastorals of Gesner. [Critique.]
III—Jan.–June 1805.
138—Klopstock and his Odes.
207—Passage of the Alps.
362—Klopstock's Wife.
438—State of Book-making in Germany.
IV—July–Dec. 1805.
28—Dutch Industry.
35—Characteristics of the Military of the French and Austrians. From a German publication.

38—German Cemeteries.
45—An Account of the Houses of Industry in Flanders.
117—Anecdotes of Wieland.
148—Dutch Taste.
353—Portrait of a Dantzick Merchant.
353—A Prospect of Sweden.

V—Jan.–June 1806.
26—Subterranean Sketch of Sweden.
132—Zurich and Lavater.
183—Anecdotes of the Character of Frederick the Great of Prussia.
259—Biographical Sketch of Frederick Schiller, the German Dramatist.
340—The Tyrolese. By Kotzebue.
358—Procession of the Host at Rome. By Kotzebue.

VI—July–Dec. 1806.
297—Kotzebue. [One paragraph.]
306—The French and Austrian Military Character compared.
383—The French in Hanover.
409—The Neapolitan Post-office. By Kotzebue.
451—The Sorrows of Werter. [Critique.]
455, 458—Commercial Sketches.—Prussia, etc.

VII—Jan.–June 1807.
21—A Sketch of Switzerland and the Swiss.
106—A View of Amsterdam; with Observations on the Manners of the Dutch. By Mr. Holcroft.
163—Statistical View of the Prussian Dominions.
175, 243—Memoirs of Dr. Zimmerman. From the French of M. Tissot.
218—Abstract of the Bankrupt Law of the City of Hamburg. By P. A. Nimnich, LL.D., of Hamburg.
283—Abridged History of the Dutch Stage. By M. de Haug.
335—Memoirs of Frederick Theophilus Klopstock, Author of the Messiah and other Poems. [Summary.]
413—Memoirs of the late Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Prussia.

VIII—July–Dec. 1807.
28—Life of Godfred Augustus Burger.
66—Memoirs of the Celebrated Boerhaave.
200—Extract from the will of an old bachelor, who died at the age of 87. From the German.
202—Anecdote of a Swiss Captain in France.
237—Denmark.

Mo. Anthology.—Boston.

IV—1807.
371—The Robbers. [Critique. Author's name not mentioned, but reference made to the characters: Moor, Francis, Amelia, the infamous Charles and Kozinski].

V—1808.
258—Sleep. From Herder's Scattered Leaves.

374—Aurora. Ibid.
656—Winkelman. [Short paragraph.]
VIII—Jan.–June 1810.
89—Letters of a German Baron.
350, 425—Greek Literature. German Critics and Editors.
IX—July–Dec. 1810.
55—Biblical Literature. German Critics and Editors.
70—Map of Germany.
191—Oberon, a poem from the German of Wieland, by Wm. Sotheby. [Review.]

Lit. Tablet.—Hanover, N. H.

III—Aug. 1805–Aug. 1806.
27—Sorrows of Werter. "We are informed that this is a true story. . . ." [Short paragraph.]
34—Biog. of Boerhaave. [A noted scientist of Holland.]

Companion and Weekly Misc.—Balto.

I—Nov. 3, 1804–Oct. 26, 1805.
34—[Paragraph on "The Stranger" by Kotzebue. No heading.]

Lit. Misc.—Cambridge.

I—1805.
26—A Brief View of the Progress of Literature in Germany.
33—Memoir respecting the Union of the Swiss Cantons, and their Emancipation from the House of Austria.
77—Memoirs of Salomon Gessner, the celebrated Writer.

Mo. Register and Rev. of U. S.—Charleston, S. C., and New York.

I—Jan. 1805–July 1806.
144—A Protestant Religious Ceremony. Zurich in Switzerland.
255—Singular Customs in New-Holland.
364—Defence of Martin Luther.

Evening Fireside.—Phila.

II—1806.
47—Anecdote of the late King of Prussia.
79—Henry, Duke of Saxony.
87—Negotiations between the emperors of France and Germany.
108—Biog. of Baron Haller. [Albert Haller.]
264—The wonderful Boy of Lubeck. [Christian Henry Heineken.]

Norfolk Repos.—Dedham, Mass.

II—Nov. 11, 1806–Nov. 3, 1807.
417, 301—Siege of Dantsic.
436—Worthy of Example. Trans. from the German.
436—Discovery of a new planet by Olbers, a German.

Panoplist.—Boston.

I—June 1805–May 1806.
35—Lit. Intelligence.—Germany.
225—A new and most extraordinary Society [in Holland].
377—Life of Luther. [From the Religious Monitor.]
467—Distress in Germany.
II—June 1806–May 1807.
38—State of Religion in Swabia, Bavaria and Hungary.
460—Reply of Luther.
484—Lit. Intelligence.—Holland.
III—June 1807–May 1808.
28—Anecdote of the King of Prussia.
38—Letter from Wirtemberg to a gentleman in Baltimore, regarding the change from Protestantism to Catholicism.
191, 234, 425—Foreign Lit. Intelligence.—Norway, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany.
IV—June 1808–May 1809.
353—Religious Intelligence.—Sweden.
V—June 1809–May 1810.
171—Extract from Arndt.

Polyanthos.—Boston.

II—Apr.–July 1806.
153—Dramatick Biog. Some Account of Gellert.
254—Ladies of Sweden. From Carr's Northern Summer.
IV—Dec. 1806–Mar. 1807.
20—Iceland.
99—Frederick the Great.
124—Eckhof. The German Rosicus.
V—Apr.–July 1807.

Weekly Visitant.—Salem.

I—1806.
37—The Spectre of the Broaken—A mountain near Hanover, in Germany. Extracted from a Gottingen Journal. [The Brocken in the Harz Mts.]
196—Of Latin Inscriptions.—Kotzebue.
313—Wieland. [Short paragraph.]

Observer.—Balto.

I—Nov. 29, 1806–June 27, 1807.
26—Political.—Considerations upon the Rupture of Prussia with France.
108—Political.—Austria.
172—Reply to the Manifesto of the King of Prussia.
II—July 4–Dec. 26, 1807.
97—Austrian Dalmatia.
108—Martin Luther and Calvin.

Emerald.—Boston.

II—Jan. 3–Oct. 17, 1807.
108—[Critique of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." By James Montgomery, containing extracts. Cf. p. 169.]
308—Short paragraphs by the late King of Prussia.
I—Oct. 24, 1807–Oct. 15, 1808 (New Establishment).
495—Original Account of Sweden.

Theatrical Censor.—Phila.

Nos. 1–17, Dec. 9, 1805–Mar. 3, 1806.
19—Dimond's "Hunter of the Alps." [16 lines of poetry quoted. Critique of the play.]

Amer. Register.—Phila.

VI—Part II for 1809.
17—Chap. III. Causes of the Austrian War, its progress and termination.
VII—Part I for 1810.
3—Reflections on the state of Holland.
215—German Emigrants.

Pastime.—Albany and Schenectady.

I—Feb. 21–Aug. 1, 1807.
8—The Vintage Feast. To the Melody of the Ranz des Vaches.
46—[Mention of Klopstock's use of hexameters in his "Messiah."]
95—Ode, commemorative of the destruction of a corps of emigrant hussars, under Prince Conde, on the night of the battle of Kamlach. Scene—Banks of the Danube.

Wonderful Mag.—Carlisle, Pa.

1808.
98—Account of the fall of Mount Rosenberg, in Switzerland, which took place on the second of September 1806.
266—An account of a Journey to the Volcano of Mount Hecla [in Iceland].

Charms of Lit.—Trenton.

1808.
254—The Hermitage, or an account of an interesting occurrence in the Rhaetian Alps, with the general character of the Tyrolese.
406—Female Heroism. A real fact, related by Meissner.

Lit. Mirror.—Portsmouth, N. H.

I—Feb. 20, 1808–Feb. 11, 1809. [No. 1 imperfect.]
5—A short sketch of the life and character of the learned and excellent Musaeus. By his pupil Kotzebue. [Continued from No. 1.]

Lady's Weekly Misc.—N. Y.

VII—Apr. 30–Oct. 1, 1808.
62—Statistic on Europe by a German.
380—The Kiss. From the German of Gerstenberg.
VIII—Oct. 29, 1808–Apr. 8, 1809.
152—German Impostor.

Gleaner.—Lancaster (Penn.).

I—Sept. 1808–May 1809.
78—The Wanderer of Switzerland. By James Montgomery. [A long poem, continued from number to number. Cf. p. 175.]

Boston Mirror.—Boston.

I—Oct. 22, 1808–Oct. 14, 1809.
No. 14—[Mention of Klopstock's use of hexameters in his "Messiah."]
No. 17—The Ruling Passion of the Late King of Prussia.
No. 21—Anecdote [of the King of Prussia].
No. 30—Rembrandt (van Rhin).
No. 50—A Comparison of "The Wanderer of Switzerland" with a poem called Tid Re I.
II—Oct. 21, 1809–July 21, 1810.
15—Boston Theatre. On Monday evening, Oct. 30, will be presented a much admired Tragedy in three acts, called "Werter; or the Fatal Attachment." Taken from the popular German tale called Charlotte and Werter, and performed at Covent Garden Theatre, London, with great applause. [The cast follows.]
68—Anecdote of Prince Louis Ferdinand, of Prussia.
85—Biographical.—Hayden.
156—Life of Mozart.

Amer. Mag. of Wonders.—N. Y.

II—1809.
159—Extraordinary Heroism of the Antient Scandinavians.

Thespian Monitor.—Phila.

I—No. 1. Nov. 25, 1809.
8—Pizarro; or the Spaniards in Peru. (Kotzebue.) Translator—R. B. Sheridan.

Select Reviews.—Phila.

I—Jan.–June 1809.
119—Sketches of Vienna.
151—Vie du Comte de Munnich. Life of Count de Munnich, general Field Marshal in the service of Russia. A free trans. from the German of Gerard Anthoine de Halem.—Paris. [Book notice.]
361—Voyage en Pologne et en Allemagne fait en 1793 par un Lovonien. 1808. [Notice.]

397—Leontine de Blondheim, &c. By Augustus Kotzebue. Trans. (into French) from the German with notes by H. L. C. 3 vols. London 1808. [Notice.]

II—July-Dec. 1809.

370—A Cursory View of Prussia, from the Death of Frederick II to the Peace of Tilsit.

III—Jan.-June 1810.

132—Án Icelandick Tour.

180—Romantic Tales by M. G. Lewis 1804. [Notice. Cf. p. 32.]

361—Voyage dans le Tyrol, etc., i. e. A Tour in the Tyrol, to the Salt Mines of Salzburg and of Reichenall, and through Part of Bavaria. By Chevalier de Bray. Paris 1808. [Notice.]

Quarterly Rev.—London printed; N. Y. reprinted.

IV—Aug.-Nov. 1810.

61—The Daughters of Isenberg: A Bavarian Romance. By Alicia Tindal Palmer. 4 vols. London. [Critique.]

Ordeal.—Boston.

I—Jan.-June 1809.

266—Austrian and French Troops.

289, etc.—The Rovers, or the Double Arraignment. "The scene lies in the town of Weimar, and the neighbourhood of the abbey of Quedlinburgh. Time, from the 12th to the present century." [In the next number this play is referred to as "the imitation of the German drama, which we presented in our last number."]

382—The Austrians in Arms.

Visitor.—Richmond.

I—Feb. 11, 1809-Jan. 27, 1810.

62—The Prince of Hesse and the Gray Ass.

181—Swedenburg.

Omnium Gatherum.—Boston.

I—Nov. 1809-Oct. 1810.

32—Hans Holbein, the celebrated painter.

67—Curious account of the village of Broek in Westfriesland.

502—Odd Funeral Ceremonies of the Prussians.

Rambler's Mag.—N. Y.

No. 4. [1809.]

54—Sketch of the Life of Mozart, the Composer.

Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor.—Phila.

I—Jan.-June 1810.

—— Emilia Galotti, a Tragedy. Trans. from the German of G. E. Lessing by Miss Fanny Holcroft. Published by Bradford and Inskeep, Phila., 1810. [The translation bound at end of Jan. number.]

II—July–Dec. 1810.
95—The Life of Lessing, Author of Emilia Gallotti, a Tragedy which will appear in a future number.
204—Remarks on Emilia Galotti; the Tragedy which accompanies this number, by Thomas Holcroft.
221—History of the Stage. Chap. VIII. German Theatre.

The Quarterly Rev.—London printed; N. Y. reprinted.

II (Aug.–Nov. 1809)—N. Y. 1810.
118—An Historical Survey of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France, with a View to illustrate the Rise and Progress of Gothic Architecture in Europe. By G. D. Whittington.—Cambridge 1809. [Review.]
278—Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805–08. By Robert Ker Porter. London 1809. [Review.]
338—William Tell, or Swisserland delivered. By Chevalier de Florian, &c. Trans. from the French. By Wm. B. Hewetson. London 1809. [Review.]
IV (Aug.–Nov. 1810)—N. Y. 1810.
61—The Daughters of Isenberg: A Bavarian Romance. By Alicia Tindal Palmer. 4 vols. London. [Critique.]

Harvard Lyceum.—Cambridge.

I—July 14, 1810–Mar. 9, 1811.
264—German Scholars.

V.

LIST OF MAGAZINES EXAMINED.

The principal libraries where the work for the present study has been done are: in Philadelphia—The Philadelphia Library (including the Ridgway Branch), the Mercantile Library, the libraries of the University of Pennsylvania, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and of the American Philosophical Society; in Boston—the Boston Public Library, the Atheneum Library and the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society; in Cambridge—the library of Harvard University; in New York City—the New York Public Library (including the Lenox Branch), the libraries of the New York Historical Society, of the New York Society, and of Columbia University; in Baltimore—the libraries of the Peabody Institute, of the Maryland Historical Society and of Johns Hopkins University, and the Pratt Library; in Washington—the Library of Congress, and in London—the library of the British Museum. Some of the smaller libraries visited, which contain only duplicates of periodicals accessible elsewhere, have been omitted from the above list.

The American Mag., or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies.—Phila.
Nos. 1–3. Jan., Feb., Mar. 1741.
[Edited by John Webbe and printed by Andrew Bradford.]

The General Mag. and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America.—Phila.
I, Jan.–June 1741.
[Edited and printed by Benjamin Franklin.]

The Boston Weekly Mag.—Boston.
Nos. 1–3, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 1743.

Amer. Mag. and Historical Chronicle.—Boston.
I–III, Sept. 1743–Dec. 1746.

The Independent Reflector, or Weekly Essays on Sundry Important Subjects.—N. Y.
Nos. 1–52, Nov. 30, 1752–Nov. 22, 1753.

The Occasional Reverberator.—N. Y.
Nos. 1–4, Sept. 7–Oct. 5, 1753.

The Amer. Mag. and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies in America. By a Society of Gentlemen.—Phila.
I, Oct. 1757–Oct. 1758.

The New Amer. Mag.—Woodbridge in New Jersey.
Nos. I–XXVII, Jan. 1758–Mar. 1760.

The New England Mag.—Boston.
Nos. 1–2, Aug. 1758.

Universal Amer. Almanack, or Yearly Mag.—Phila.
I, 1764.

The Penny-post.—Phila.
Jan. 9–27, 1769.
[A literary periodical.]

The Amer. Mag.; to which are added the transactions of the American Philosophical Society.—Phila.
Jan.–Sept. 1769.
[Nine numbers only were published. Cf. Sabin, *Dictionary of Books relating to America,* I–142.]

The Censor.—Boston.
I, Nos. 1–17; II, Nos. 1–7; Nov. 23, 1771—May 2, 1772.
[Replies to attacks upon Tory officers by the Whigs.]

The Royal Amer. Mag.—Boston.
Jan.–Dec. 1774; Jan.–Feb. 1775.

Penna. Mag.—Phila.
I, 1775; II, Jan.–June 1776.

U. S. Mag.—Phila.
A Repository of History, Politics and Literature.
I, Jan.–July; Sept.–Oct. 1779.

The Boston Mag., containing a collection of instructive and entertaining essays.—Boston.
I–III, Oct. 1783–Dec. 1786.

The Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country Mag., or Repository of Instruction and Entertainment.—Boston.
May–Dec. 1784.

The Gentlemen and Ladies' Town and Country Mag.—Boston.
I, Feb. 1789–Jan. 1790; II, Feb., Apr.–Aug. 1790.

The Arminian Mag.—Phila.
I–II, 1789–1790.
[Chiefly religious, "consisting of extracts and original treatises on general redemption."]

The N. J. Mag. and Monthly Advertiser.—New Brunswick. 1786.

The New Haven Gazette and Connecticut Mag.—New Haven.
I, Feb. 16, 1786–Feb. 15, 1787.
III, Nos. 1–50, Jan. 10–Dec. 18, 1788. [No. 1, imperfect.]
[II, Nos. 1–45, Feb. 22–Dec. 27, 1787
I (imperfect), Nov. 11, 1784–Apr. 7, 1785 } newspaper.]

The Worcester Mag.—Worcester, Mass.
I–IV, First Week in Apr. 1786—Fourth Week in Mar. 1788.

Columbian Mag. or Monthly Miscellany.—Phila.
I–V, Sept. 1786–Dec. 1790.
Continued as

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag.—Phila.
I–II, 1791; I–II, 1792.
Continued as

Columbian Museum or Universal Asylum.—Phila.
Part I, Jan.–June 1793.

The Amer. Museum or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, Prose and Poetical.—Phila.
I–XII, 1787–1792; XIII, 1798.

The Amer. Mag., containing a miscellaneous collection of original and other valuable essays, in prose and verse, and calculated both for instruction and amusement.—N. Y.
Dec. 1787–Nov. 1788.

Mass. Mag. or Monthly Museum.—Boston.
I–VI, 1789–1794; VII, Nos. 4, 7, 1795; VIII, Nos. 1, 3–12, 1796.

The Christian's, Scholar's and Farmer's Mag.—Elizabeth-Town, N. J.
I–II, Apr. 1789–Mar. 1791.

The N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repository.—N. Y.
[II, Nos. 1–45, Feb. 22–Dec. 27, 1787

The Amer. Apollo.—Boston.
I, Jan. 6–Sept. 28, 1792.
[II–III, Oct. 5, 1792–Dec. 25, 1794. A newspaper.]

The Prompter; or a Commentary on Common Sayings and Subjects, which are full of Common Sense, the best Sense in the World.—Boston.
Nos. 1–28, 1792.

The Lady's Mag. and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge.—Phila.
I, June 1792–May 1793.

Curiosities of Literature consisting of anecdotes, characters and observations, literary, critical and historical.
London printed; Phila. reprinted and sold. 1793. [A miscellany.]

U. S. Mag. or General Repository of Useful Instruction and Rational Amusement.—Newark, N. J.
I, Apr.–Aug. 1794.

The Monthly Miscellany, or Vermont Mag.—Benington.
I, Apr.–Sept. 1794.

The Rural Mag. or Vermont Repository.—Rutland.
I–II, 1795–1796.

The Amer. Monthly Review, or Lit. Journal.—Phila.
I–III, 1795.

The Weekly Museum.—N. Y.
VII–IX, Jan. 3, 1795–Dec. 31, 1796.

Phila. Minerva.—Phila.
I–IV, Feb. 7, 1795–July 7, 1798.

The Tablet.—Boston.
I, Nos. 1–13, May 19–Aug. 11, 1795.

The N. Y. Weekly Mag., or Miscellaneous Repository.—N. Y.
I–II, July 1, 1795–June 28, 1797.

The Monthly Military Repository.—N. Y.
I–II, 1796–1797.

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[Reprint of *Select English Classics,* XXVII–XXX, London 1775, etc.]

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